HEALTHCARE REFORM: THE NEXT STAGE

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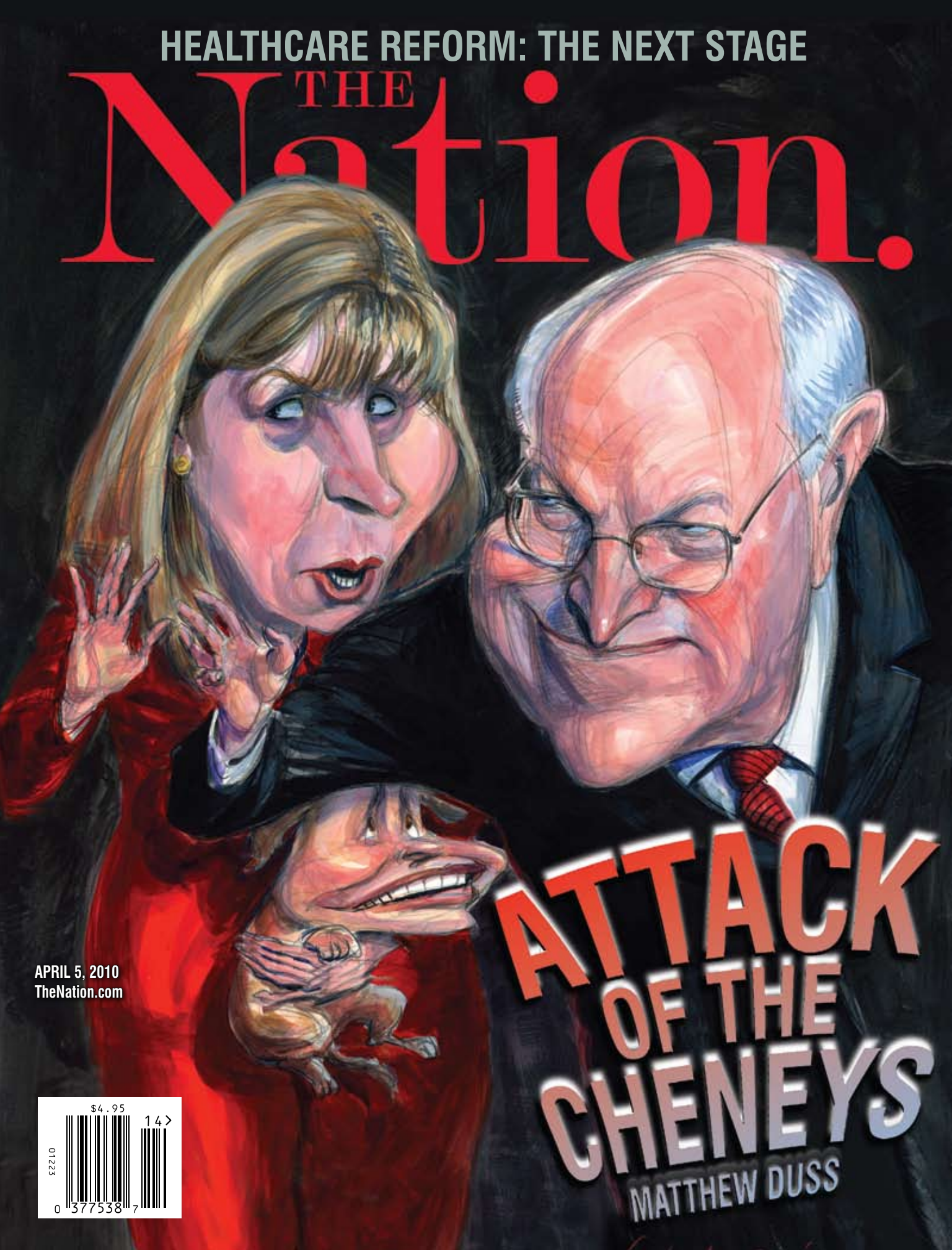

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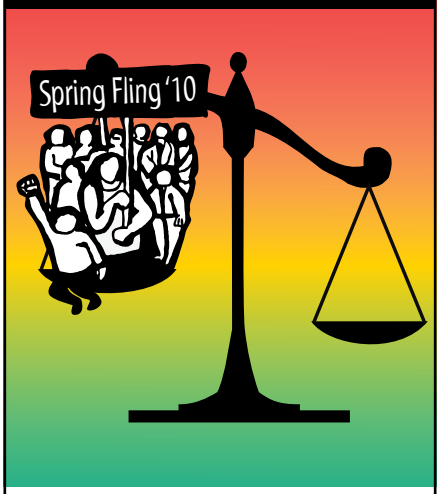

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Letters

Trojan Wars

Geneva
Maria Margaronis's excellent "Greek Drama" [March 8] neglects to mention the size of Greece's military expenditures as an element in its budget crisis. Holding the Athens Olympics in 2004 may have cost the country 5 percent of GDP that year, but annual defense expenditures average 4 percent of GDP *every* year—the highest in the EU and second only to the United States. Similarly, she rightly decries the reported 30 percent of Greeks who work in the public sector but overlooks the 2.9 percent of the country's active population engaged in the military sector—the highest in NATO! Unfortunately, Greece's ongoing arms race with its neighbor Turkey, abetted by its arms-supplying NATO partners, makes any serious reining-in of military spending unlikely in the foreseeable future.
Tom Ganiatsos

18 Million (Living Wage!) Jobs

Flushing, N.Y.; New Canaan, Conn.
Congratulations to Bob Pollin ["18 Million Jobs by 2012," March 8] for raising the ante! Pollin estimates that creating 18 million jobs in the next three years would bring the official unemployment rate down to 4 percent, a level the country has reached only twice since the late 1960s. At 4 percent unemployment we would achieve the "interim goal" of the Humphrey Hawkins Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act of 1978—remember that hard-fought but nearly forgotten legislation?

Even in better times, unemployment is a chronic problem. For example, in 2000, when unemployment was at the 4 percent level, 13.3 million people were either officially out of work, employed for fewer hours than they would like or discouraged from looking for work. Millions more were working poor. Therefore, Pollin's target rate should be considered an interim goal, a first step on the way to living-wage jobs for all.

letters@thenation.com

Let's remember what Franklin Roosevelt had to say in the depths of the Great Depression: "We cannot be content, no matter how high the general standard of living may be, if some fraction of our people…is ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed and insecure." And let's not forget FDR's Economic Bill of Rights, which began with "the right to a useful and remunerative job." To achieve these economic rights we need a movement like the ones that brought civil and political rights to all our citizens. Visions like these can help inspire a social movement strong enough to overcome our grim political realities.
Helen Lachs Ginsburg
Gertrude Schaffner Goldberg
Founders and executive committee members
National Jobs for All Coalition

Fetal Position

New York City
I have been a member of Feminists for Life since 1984 and served on its board of directors between 1985 and 1995. I wish to clarify some points made by Katha Pollitt in her February 22 column, "Focus on the Fetus."

Pollitt referred to a description by Kate Michelman and Frances Kissling of Feminists for Life as representing a "new, crunchy pro-life approach." FFL was started in 1972 by several women who broke away from the National Organization for Women over the abortion issue. Abortion violates the basic tenets of feminism: nonviolence, nondiscrimination and justice for all.

The jury is still out on whether there is an abortion–breast cancer link (see *Journal of American Physicians and Surgeons*, Vol. 10, No. 4, pp. 105-110, "Abortion as an Independent Risk Factor for Breast Cancer," a review of recent studies). It is inaccurate at best to say this is "disinformation." However, archival information from past issues of *The American Feminist* aside, as far as I can see, FFL has determined to let medical experts on both sides of this debate sort it out since FFL president Serrin Foster's con-

(continued on page 26)

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30 Million Reasons

As we go to press, Congress is approaching the climax of its nearly yearlong battle over healthcare reform. This can be called, without melodrama, a do-or-die moment—not only for the cause of healthcare reform but for a host of other progressive goals. As House Speaker Nancy Pelosi said, "This is the most important initiative that most of us in Congress…will ever do in our legislative lifetimes." It represents a milestone in a struggle for reform that goes back not only to the Clinton era but to President Truman's declaration that healthcare is a basic right of all Americans. As one Democratic strategist pointed out, under Clinton, "when healthcare died, every progressive instinct died along with it." If this bill fails, Obama will probably be forced to abandon the issue for the duration of his presidency, as will most mainstream Democrats. A defeat could also further disenchant and demobilize the base that gave reform-minded Democrats dramatic advances in the 2006 and 2008 elections.

EDITORIAL

Conversely, a victory would suggest that the Obama administration and Democrats in Congress have the wind at their back and are moving their agenda. And it raises the prospect that more can be done—to improve the healthcare legislation, certainly, but also on everything from immigration reform to climate change/green economy legislation to mortgage relief to financial industry reform. Contrary to the cynical crowing of Republicans, who say they plan to use passage of the bill against Democrats this fall, a careful study of the latest polling indicates that passage could help Democrats.

What about the legislation itself—what does it accomplish? On a concrete level, it expands health insurance to as many as 30 million Americans who are currently not covered; on a symbolic one, it makes clear that the government—not the market—is responsible for healthcare. Those are no small achievements.

And yet, there can be no question that the bill is deeply flawed. Readers of this magazine know that for many years we have supported some version of a single-payer system, or—a much better term whose adoption we urge—Medicare for All. This bill falls far short of that vision. It also encodes restrictions on abortion coverage that are a major setback for the prochoice movement (see Katha Pollitt, page 9). Moreover, it's unclear whether the consumer subsidies the bill provides will be sufficient to cover the cost of plans offered on the new insurance exchanges, which may include uncomfortably high deductibles, co-insurance fees and premium burdens. In that context, the mandate that people buy insurance could create serious political blowback.

On the plus side, the bill includes protections against insurance industry abuses, including the odious practice of cutting off access for patients with preexisting conditions, and puts in place a framework for further regulation of the industry. Insurance companies will no doubt use every trick in their playbook to weaken the already shaky consumer protections and shift risk and costs to providers or consumers or both. But the prospect that tens of millions of Americans could rest a little easier—and have someplace to turn for support in seeking and attaining care—is too important a goal to dismiss simply because the coverage may need to be strengthened.

Another element to celebrate is the expansion of Medicaid—as many as 12 to 14 million new people will be covered. And Senator Bernie Sanders has introduced a measure that will double

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the number of Federally Qualified Community Health Centers, which will provide primary and dental care and low-cost prescription drugs to as many as 16 million new patients, while giving them as much as $10 billion in new funding.

There is, as well, a vague but still significant provision (also added by Sanders) that allows states to use the new federal funding to take steps toward implementing truly universal, comprehensive, affordable care—something close to Medicare for All—that could in turn become a model for the nation. There are annoying restrictions, to be sure, including delays for such spending until 2017. But as Sanders argues, "One state is finally going to do it, they are going to do it well and it will catch on."

For all these reasons, we support passage of the bill, even as we urge the progressive community to begin the struggle immediately to correct its many flaws and improve its protections. Some of this can be done quickly, via the reconciliation process. Some of it can and should be done with new legislation, such as robust public option bills by Senator Sherrod Brown and Representative Alan Grayson and proposals to expand Medicare and eliminate the health insurance industry's anti-trust exemption.

If this crucial second step is taken quickly and boldly, progressives will have an agenda and an argument for maintaining the pressure through this year's election cycle and in the years to come—when the crucial details of the reform will be implemented. Are we prepared to carry on a knock-down, drag-out fight with the insurance and pharmaceutical industries? The opposition is formidable, but there is a base for mobilization in both houses of Congress. Ultimately, our message must be that genuine reform begins, and only begins, with passage of the current legislation. It ends with achievement of the goal that should be our new battle cry: Medicare for All.

Twisting History in Texas

COMMENT

The changes to the social studies curriculum recently approved by the conservative-dominated Texas Board of Education have attracted attention mainly because of how they may affect textbooks used in other states. Since Texas certifies texts centrally rather than by individual school districts, publishers have a strong incentive to alter their books to conform to its standards so as to reach the huge Texas market. Where was Lee Harvey Oswald, after all, when he shot John F. Kennedy? In the Texas School Book Depository—a tall Dallas building filled with textbooks.

Most comment on the content of the new standards has focused on the mandate that high school students learn about leading conservative figures and institutions of the 1980s and '90s, specifically Phyllis Schlafly, the Moral Majority, the Heritage Foundation, the Contract With America and the NRA. In fact, there is nothing wrong with teaching about modern conservatism, a key force in recent American history. My own textbook has a chapter called "The Triumph of Conservatism" and

discusses most of the individuals and groups mentioned above.

More interesting is what the new standards tell us about conservatives' overall vision of American history and society and how they hope to instill that vision in the young. The standards run from kindergarten through high school, and certain themes obsessively recur. Judging from the updated social studies curriculum, conservatives want students to come away from a Texas education with a favorable impression of: women who adhere to traditional gender roles, the Confederacy, some parts of the Constitution, capitalism, the military and religion. They do not think students should learn about women who demanded greater equality; other parts of the Constitution; slavery, Reconstruction and the unequal treatment of nonwhites generally; environmentalists; labor unions; federal economic regulation; or foreigners.

Here are a few examples. The board has removed mention of the Declaration of the Seneca Falls Convention, the letters of John and Abigail Adams and suffrage advocate Carrie Chapman Catt. As examples of "good citizenship" for third graders, it deleted Harriet Tubman and included Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross, and Helen Keller (the board seems to have slipped up here—Keller was a committed socialist). The role of religion—but not the separation of church and state—receives emphasis throughout. For example, religious revivals are now listed as one of the twelve major "events and eras" from colonial days to 1877.

The changes seek to reduce or elide discussion of slavery, mentioned mainly for its "impact" on different regions and the coming of the Civil War. A reference to the Atlantic slave trade is dropped in favor of "Triangular trade." Jefferson Davis's inaugural address as president of the Confederacy will now be studied alongside Abraham Lincoln's speeches.

In grade one, Veterans Day replaces Martin Luther King Jr. Day in the list of holidays students should be familiar with. (Later, "building a military" has been added as one of two results of the Revolution—the other being the creation of the United States—an odd inclusion, given the founders' fear of a standing army.) The Double-V Campaign during World War II (blacks' demand that victory over the Axis powers be accompanied by victory over segregation at home) has been omitted from the high school curriculum. Japanese-American internment is now juxtaposed with "the regulation of some foreign nationals," ignoring the fact that while a few Germans and Italians were imprisoned as enemy aliens, the vast majority of people of Japanese ancestry who were interned were US citizens.

Students in several grades will be required to understand the "benefits" (but none of the drawbacks) of capitalism. The economic system, however, dares not speak its name—it is referred to throughout as "free enterprise." Labor unions are conspicuous by their absence. Mankind's impact on the environment is apparently entirely benign—the curriculum mentions dams for flood control and the benefits of transportation infrastructure but none of the problems arising from the exploitation of nature. Lest anyone think that Americans should not fall below a rudimentary standard of living, the kindergarten curriculum deletes food, shelter and

Noted.

KUCINICH CARE: Like millions of Americans who favor Medicare for All, Ohio Congressman **Dennis Kucinich** was underwhelmed by the healthcare legislation presented by former single-payer backer **Barack Obama**. But after raising his objections, Kucinich admitted: "I know I have to make a decision, not on the bill as I would like to see it but the bill as it is."

With other members of the **Congressional Progressive Caucus**, he decided to vote yes, explaining, "If my vote is to be counted, let it now count for passage of the bill, hopefully in the direction of comprehensive healthcare reform." But Kucinich coupled his announcement with something rare for this Congress: a reflection on the bill's limitations. "My criticisms of the legislation have been well reported. I do not retract them," he said. "They still stand as legitimate and cautionary. I still have doubts about the bill. I do not think it is a first step toward anything I have supported in the past."

Recognizing that blocking the bill would only give a victory to the foes of reform, Kucinich stood with Obama and the hope that "the transformational potential of his presidency, and of ourselves, can still be courageously summoned in ways that will reconnect America to our hopes for expanded opportunities for jobs, housing, education, peace and, yes, healthcare." No matter Obama's course, however, Kucinich was clear about his. "I have taken a detour through supporting this bill," he said, "but I know the destination. I will continue to lead, for as long as it takes, whatever it takes to an America where healthcare will be firmly established as a civil right." JOHN NICHOLS

COLOMBIA FTA: Starting with his State of the Union address in January, Obama began pressing to resolve the pending free trade agreement with Colombia. But two recent reports remind us what's at stake. In Colombia, criminal groups continue terrorizing trade unionists and civilians, according to **Human Rights Watch**. Here at home, the **Economic Policy Institute** warned that passage of the agreement could cost tens of thousands of American jobs.

Taken together, these issues are a near guarantee that Democratic leadership won't push the deal ahead of a midterm election where jobs are issue number one. The fine print suggests Obama isn't ready to push it too hard too soon either. His 2010 Trade Policy Agenda says the administration is working with Colombian officials to "improve the labor code" and "address violence against labor union officials." They have a long way to go, and simply improving the labor code won't cut it. "The basic problem in Colombia is that even if it had perfect legislation on labor rights, trade unionists don't feel free to exercise those rights," says Human Rights Watch's **Maria McFarland**, adding that the Colombian government has failed to prioritize confronting the murderous groups. "If they want a free trade agreement, they need to make it a priority." NICHOLAS KUSNETZ

clothing from its list of "basic human needs."

Americans, the board seems to suggest, do not need to take much notice of the rest of the world, or of noncitizens in this country. Kindergartners no longer have to learn about "people" who have contributed to American life, only about "patriots and good citizens." High school students must evaluate the pros and cons of US participation in "international organizations and treaties." In an original twist, third grade geography students no longer have to be able to identify on a map the Amazon, the Himalayas or (as if it were in another country) Washington, DC.

Clearly, the Texas Board of Education seeks to inculcate children with a history that celebrates the achievements of our past while ignoring its shortcomings, and that largely ignores those who have struggled to make this a fairer, more equal society. I have lectured on a number of occasions to Texas precollege teachers and have found them as competent, dedicated and open-minded as the best teachers anywhere. But if they are required to adhere to the revised curriculum, the students of our second most populous state will emerge ill prepared for life in Texas, America and the world in the twenty-first century. ERIC FONER

Eric Foner, the DeWitt Clinton Professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of Give Me Liberty, *an American history textbook.*

Hey, Sailor…

I'm not sure where or when I got the idea, but at some point in my childhood I asked my mother what "homosexuality" meant. "Well, honey," she said, pausing, "that's something sailors do."

"Like Daddy?" I asked. My father had been in the Pacific in World War II, and his sailor hats and dress uniforms, pressed and hanging in an attic chest, held for me the greatest fascination.

"No, no," she quickly clarified. "Sailors who make a living of it," or words to that effect. Later I learned that "venereal disease" too was "something sailors get": again, "not Daddy"; those others, who spend endless stretches at sea, a lifetime of manly togetherness punctuated by ribald Crossing the Line ceremonies and visits to raffish ports of call. For the longest time I had no idea what maritime life involved but that it was wrapped in sex and secrets.

Eric Massa, 50, was a Navy man for twenty-four years. A Catholic, like me, growing up at the same time as me, when the church didn't speak to its children of sex, let alone homosex, he followed in the footsteps of his daddy, also career Navy, and married like his daddy, had children like his daddy. On those long stints at sea he'd grasp the tired flesh of fellow sailors, offering "the Massa massage." If former shipmates are to be believed, he once roused a sleeping junior officer by pawing the man's privates. He climbed up into the bunk of another sleeping mate and tried to "snorkel him," meaning he either smothered the fellow with cock and balls or wanted to blow him, possibly both. Massa was drunk, naturally, and nobody reported a thing.

The ex-shipmates who are talking now claim they feared retaliation then, and maybe that's true, but a cousin of mine who spent years in the Navy and Marines once remarked that it was common as rain to discover guys on ships canoodling in closets. Maybe it all just didn't seem so big a deal until Massa, now former Congressman Massa, went on TV to say that while in hindsight inappropriate, there was nothing at all sexual about his groping, wrestling, tickling, tussling and salty-talking with his young male Congressional staffers, with whom he also roomed. Certainly nothing gay. "Why don't you ask my wife, ask my friends, ask the 10,000 sailors I served with in the Navy?" he shot back at Larry King. It was the shot too far.

To those who may have missed this version of March Madness, Massa is the center of Washington's latest sex scandal. Retired military and a lifetime Republican who quit the party over the Iraq War, he fit the Democrats' ideal candidate profile and in 2008 won a traditionally Republican seat in upstate New York. Republicans began plotting almost immediately to oust him, but Democrats weren't happy with Massa, either. He supported some of the president's priorities but blasted others, regarded Rahm Emanuel as the "son of the devil's spawn" but was surprised that any of that should bother anyone. In February one of his male staff complained of sexual harassment. There had been a wedding, Massa had danced with a bridesmaid, and afterward, boys being boys, the staffer suggested what Massa could do with the woman. "What I really ought to be doing is fracking you," Massa retorted, ruffling the young man's hair and laughing. Massa was drunk. Of course he was.

On March 3 the Congressman said he was just "a salty old sailor" and announced his resignation. Then he went on radio to say that the Democrats had it in for him, particularly Emanuel, who once poked Massa in the chest and yelled at him for not being a team player while they were both naked in the Congressional showers. Enter Glenn Beck, who latched on to the story, not to explore its most intriguing detail—those curtainless shower stalls and the dick-swinging games of powerful men—but to demonstrate how "the Democratic Party is out to destroy this man…the future of this country is at stake!" Massa was bound to disappoint. Nobody had forced him out, he said, before rambling on about the price of independence, the daily hours spent begging for cash, his broken spirits, our broken system, his bout with cancer and,

Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet

Poor Eric Massa

Poor Eric Massa's in a pickle.
He said that any Tom or Rick'll
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yes, a groping or tickle fight with staff on his fiftieth birthday. At one point Massa flipped open a scrapbook, pointing to pictures of a 1983 shipboard ceremony upon crossing the international dateline and telling his flummoxed host, "If you were to take this out of context today—can you imagine transporting back to this today? It looks like an orgy in *Caligula*."

As with men's magazines of the 1950s, some see only the bodybuilder, others the object of desire, others a mix of both. Who can say what Massa sees in his mementos and male staff? It's almost always the case with sex scandals, though, that beyond the rococo, there's a harsher, unspoken reality, a trap so deeply commonplace that nobody calls it scandal. Here call it private life or roughhousing among men; call it a "relapse" into youthful experimentation or just the things guys do together after drinking a six-pack or several gin and tonics. Call it anything but the closet, because if it's that then it's sexual, and if it's sexual then you're queer, and if you're queer you might be toast—still, today, in 2010, let alone when people of Massa's generation were at the door of sexual awakening.

While the bottom was dropping out for Massa, 3,000 miles away California State Senator Roy Ashburn was being arrested for drunk driving, having been stopped by the Highway Patrol on his way back from a gay club with another man. A few days later Massa told Larry King it was an insult to gays to suggest that he or anyone in this day and age might be in the closet, Ashburn, 55, a divorced father of four and a reliably antigay Republican pol for fourteen years, went on the radio and uttered "the words that have been so difficult for me for so long": "I am gay."

It's easy to get moralistic about Ashburn, and many bloggers have, but oppression is not the mask's companion only in sympathetic cases, those anonymous ones where people carry secrets and have no staffs, no profile, no power except to hurt themselves and maybe the people they lie to. The Virginia merchant spending hours in the basement feverishly texting a paramour—the first he has allowed himself in forty-five years of living—while upstairs his wife plans the family vacation. The big old queen in Indiana recently married to a woman he loves—she saved his life, he says—but spending every waking hour in a gay cafe that isn't really gay because no one says the word except in whispers. The queer husbands in Vermont who somehow can't come out, or need the wife, need the marriage and the kids, but also need to tell, so form a small, sad brotherhood of support.

That's speaking only of men, a handful I know or know of, but everywhere there are queer men and women who don't fit the now-mainstream image of pretty young things forming the Gay-Straight Alliance at school, competing on reality shows, making it on the Human Rights Campaign's literature for marriage or military service. Often they live in small towns in rural areas, places like Corning, New York, where Massa resides, or Bakersfield, California, which Ashburn represented. It shouldn't take petty scandals to remind us that for millions the fundamental question of life isn't whether they can legally kill someone in a war or cut the wedding cake but whether it's going to take all their courage just to get up every morning and be who they are.

As the Massa flap was wearing itself out, I was in Columbia, South Carolina, at a screening of a new documentary called *Out in the Silence*. It's about a teenage boy in Oil City, Pennsylvania, who comes out almost by accident, to defend another kid, and discovers high school is a living hell. It has a happy ending, of sorts: the kid doesn't kill himself; his mother fights for him; he's driven from school but gets a $4,000 settlement for the loss of his education; there's a small queer community that's now pushing an anti-discrimination ordinance in town. The theater was jammed, a scenario that greeted the filmmakers, Joe Wilson and Dean Hamer, earlier in Charleston and Spartanburg and almost every small city and town where they've taken the film. The screenings become forums, places to meet where there has been no place, to talk where there is a desire to talk but little occasion.

"For the longest time, the gay movement told people in rural areas, Just move to the city and come out," Joe said afterward. He was raised in Oil City, and one sister still won't talk to him. "That's not an answer if you're connected to your family, your job, your town. And you can't expect oppressed individuals to take the whole burden of coming out on themselves." The closet is still a product of culture; its persistence the blackmail note waiting to be written for any sexual outlaw, along the arc of the Kinsey scale, even salty old sailors who just want some fun with the boys.

JOANN WYPIJEWSKI

@Nation.com

An essential new voice has been added to TheNation.com—Greg Mitchell, former editor of *Editor & Publisher*. Mitchell will write for and edit the new **Media Fix** blog, offering opinion and analysis on the entire media spectrum, all day long. Media Fix will launch in April, but the Twitter feed, @MediaFixBlog, is up and running now.

Watch a highlights reel of Liz Cheney's most disturbing on-air comments on national security, accompanying Matt Duss's cover story in this issue, **Attack of the Cheneys**.

Elected officials are running scared. On **The Breakdown**, Christopher Hayes takes a look at what that means for the phenomenon known as "the incumbency effect."

Although the Obama administration has taken steps to strengthen enforcement of humane handling laws, the verdict is still out on whether the USDA has the will to make the changes necessary to create a safe food system, writes Greg Kaufmann in **Safe Meat Requires Humane Slaughter**.

Johann Hari's March 22 cover article, **The Wrong Kind of Green**, took mainstream environmental groups to task for selling out, often in exchange for money from the worst polluters. We invited the green groups to respond to Hari's claims in the online forum **Conservation Groups and Corporate Cash: An Exchange**.

Katha Pollitt

Payback for Prochoicers

If healthcare reform becomes law, you can thank prochoicers. In the end, forced to decide between sacrificing abortion coverage and voting down coverage of everything else for 30 million people, abortion-rights supporters took the hit. Prochoice representatives, who had vowed to vote against any bill that restricted access to abortion more than the infamous Hyde Amendment has already done, will have reversed themselves and voted for it. (Don't kid yourselves, the Senate bill is a major blow to abortion rights. As antichoice evangelical David Gushee told followers stuck on Stupak: "Accept victory while you can get it.") NARAL, Planned Parenthood and NOW stepped back. You can call prochoice leaders hypocritical or cowardly or feeble or excessively deferential to the president's agenda. But one thing you can't call them is selfishly obsessed with their own political purity. That would be the antichoicers—the Catholic bishops, Bart Stupak, Ben Nelson. They were the big evil babies who were willing to let millions suffer and 45,000 people die every year unless they got to deprive women of their reproductive rights.

The way I see it, the Democratic Party and the Obama administration owe supporters of women's rights a huge payback for cooperating on its signature issue. Some suggestions:

§ Full funding for Title X, the only federal program dedicated to supplying reproductive health services to low-income women and men. Title X started off with a bang under the Nixon administration—back when Republicans like George H.W. "Rubbers" Bush thought family planning was a good idea—but for decades it has been allowed to stagnate. The 2009 budget added $7.5 million to the previous year's $300 million for the program—but that's still less than half the rate of thirty years ago, after adjusting for inflation.

§ Full speed ahead on the Paycheck Fairness Act. Obama got a lot of credit for making the Lilly Ledbetter Fair Pay Act the first bill he signed into law as president, but it only restored women's right to sue for pay discrimination to the status quo ante of the Supreme Court's drastic ruling in *Ledbetter v. Goodyear*. If women are to get equal pay for equal work—a goal just about everyone professes to share—we need laws with teeth, which the PFA has.

§ Confront maternal mortality. A shocking report just out from Amnesty International details the doubling of the US maternal mortality rate over the past two decades. More than 700 die every year; during 2004 and '05, 68,000 nearly died, and one-third of pregnant women—1.7 million annually—suffer complications. At 13.3 deaths per 100,000 live births, the United States is in forty-first place internationally; for black women it's a staggering 32.7—down there with Mongolia and Bahrain. Causes? Fragmented care full of barriers to access for low-income women, lack of information, lack of contraception and abortion (sorry, "prolifers"), overmedicalization. Amnesty calls it a human rights crisis and has put together a long list of proposals, including the establishment within the Department of Health and Human Services of an Office of Maternal Health with a mandate to improve maternal care and outcomes. Let's have it.

§ Pass CEDAW. Jimmy Carter signed it back in 1980, but the United States is one of a handful of countries that have not ratified the UN Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women. The others? Sudan, Somalia, Iran and a few Pacific islands. Despite the fact that Congress has burdened CEDAW with no fewer than eleven reservations, nearly all of which were placed there by Jesse Helms to please Concerned Women for America and other antifeminist and Christian groups, it still hasn't come to a vote. So pass it, already—and Helms is dead, so dump the reservations. Don't have the votes? Vote on it anyway. American women should know which senators think we should have fewer human rights than women in nearly every other democratic country in the world.

§ Fully fund the Violence Against Women Act, which comes up for reauthorization in 2011 and has never been given resources adequate to the immense task of combating rape, domestic violence, harassment, stalking and other abuses. Read the riot act to the Department of Education, which has used its power only six times in twenty years to fine schools that fail to report sex crimes on campus. According to a joint investigation of the Center for Public Integrity and NPR, colleges rarely expel men found to have committed sexual assaults, while victims often lack support and eventually drop out or transfer. Every college that takes federal funds—which is almost all of them—needs to be put on notice that the days of coddling rapists are over.

§ Speaking of violence against women, Dems, would you look in the effing mirror? New York's Hiram Monserrate and David Paterson? Scott Lee Cohen in Illinois? That these men and others like them could get as far as they did says the culture of the party is tone-deaf when it comes to abuse and its warning signs. The only way to detoxify politics of tolerance for violence is to have lots more women in office. If India can pass a law requiring Parliament to be one-third women, surely the Democratic Party can figure out how to achieve equal numbers of women here. Prochoice women. Feminist women.

Start by backing the grassroots campaign of former teacher and county commissioner Connie Saltonstall, who has announced her intention to challenge Bart Stupak in the August primary. "He has a right to his personal, religious views," says Saltonstall, "but to deprive his constituents of needed healthcare reform because of those views is reprehensible." Now there's a woman with gumption and a gift for stating things clearly.

It's our turn now. ■

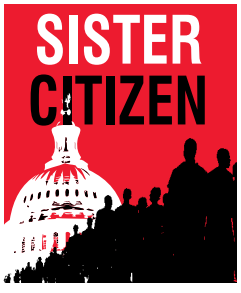
Melissa Harris-Lacewell

A Right to Life for the Living

The Tuskegee Syphilis Study employed Eunice Rivers as an outreach coordinator for more than thirty years. Her role, as an African-American nurse, was to gain and maintain the trust of black men targeted by the study. She helped ensure that they did not seek the widely available, highly effective medical care that they critically needed to treat their syphilis, because if they received penicillin they would disrupt the study's goal of observing the disease's devastating course of blindness, madness and physical decay.

Georgia's largest antiabortion group, Georgia Right to Life, is employing a similar strategy. Catherine Davis is its Eunice Rivers. As outreach coordinator for the predominantly white group, this black woman is traveling to black churches and colleges decrying abortion as a genocidal conspiracy against African-Americans and encouraging black women not to exercise their legal right to obtain the healthcare of their choice.

The Tuskegee study was initiated in the rural South during a period of great economic distress. It preyed on vulnerable communities with few medical resources and little political power. It employed a cynical racist strategy of encouraging black compliance by deploying black spokespeople to claim that the study's efforts were in the best interests of African-Americans.



Georgia Right to Life has revived this racial masquerade by portraying its opposition to reproductive rights as a campaign for racial justice. This is a potentially effective strategy because it taps into the troubling legacy of eugenics-inspired efforts to broaden birth control access and legalize abortion. Family planning pioneer Margaret Sanger was a eugenics proponent who sought to reduce birthrates among the poor, the disabled and racial and ethnic minorities. State-enforced involuntary sterilization was a common practice in the United States until the 1960s. Southern doctors routinely performed hysterectomies without consent; civil rights organizer Fannie Lou Hamer was the victim of one of these "Mississippi appendectomies." Moreover, black families and children are often labeled deviant, pathological, potentially criminal and burdensome to taxpayers. In a country that glorifies large white families, it feels as though few celebrate or encourage the birth of black children. Given this ugly history, it is easy for many to believe racialized antichoice appeals like the Georgia Right to Life billboards asserting Black Children Are an Endangered Species.

But if black children are endangered, the reasons are far more complicated than those billboards suggest. If these conservative organizations are really concerned about creating and maintaining a robust black birthrate, then they will have to buy space for some additional billboards. They could start with a billboard that says, Poverty Is Genocide. Black babies are more than twice as likely as white babies to die before their first birthday. Maternal poverty, inadequate nutrition and insufficient prenatal care are the key contributors to black infant mortality.

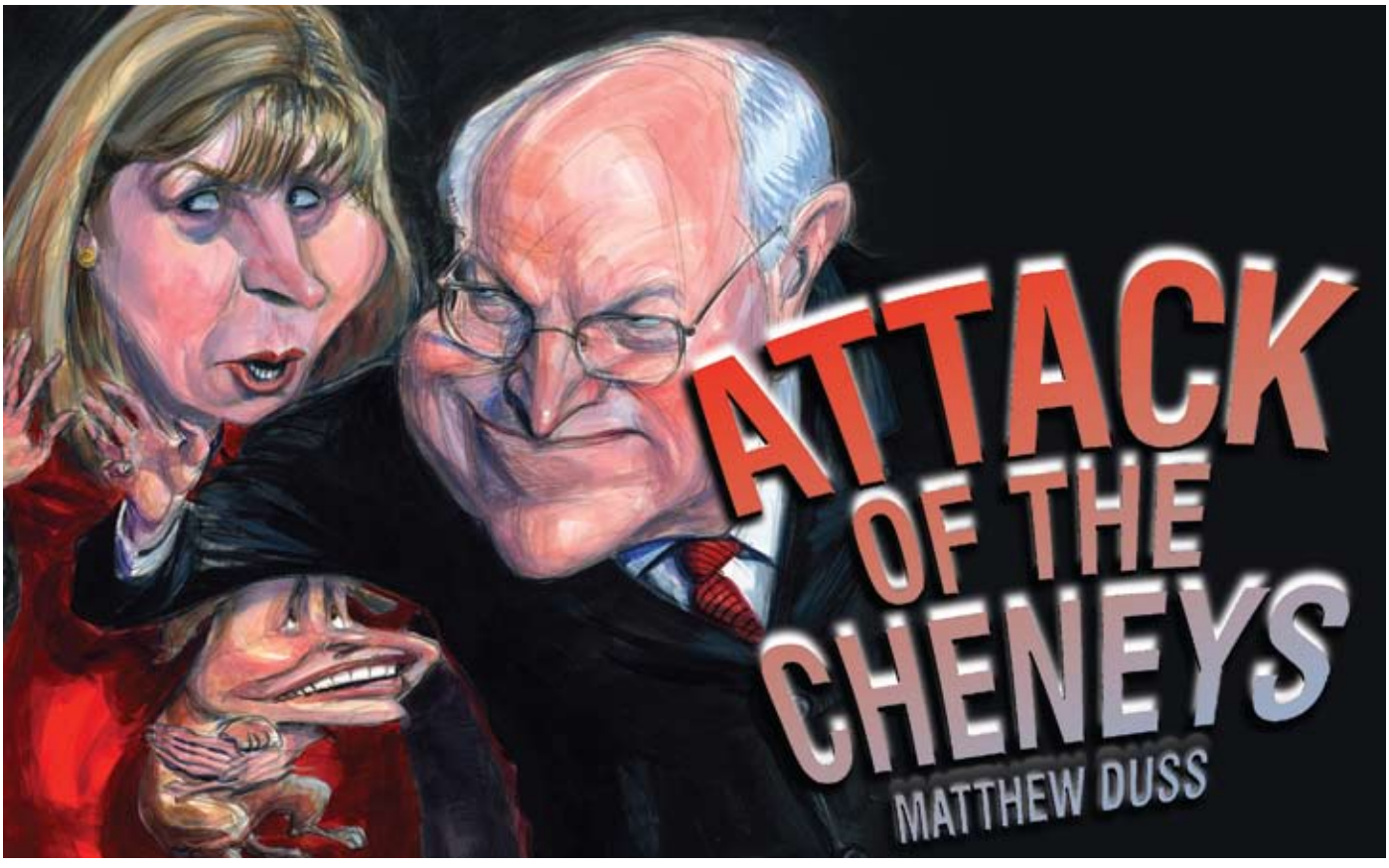
They need a billboard declaring Inadequate Education Is Genocide. Black children are significantly more likely to live in neighborhoods with high concentrations of poverty and residential segregation and, therefore, to attend schools with inferior resources, lower-quality instructors and larger class sizes. Children in these schools are vastly more likely to drop out, to be arrested, to be the victims of violent crime and to die prematurely.

They need a billboard explaining Racism Is Genocide. For much of American history, black pregnancy has been stigmatized as a shameful condition that spreads the malignancy of blackness. Research examining the impact of stress on birth outcomes shows a substantial racial difference in psychosocial stress. Infant birth weight and health suffer in conjunction with a mother's perception of racism. This means that the racism black women feel throughout their lives affects the health of their future infants.

Of course, Georgia Right to Life does not sponsor such billboards or employ outreach coordinators to address these structural inequalities. Instead its work portrays abortion as genocide and therefore implies that black women are the murderous monsters through which the race is being destroyed. But evidence suggests that black women restrict their family size as a response to constraints on their opportunities for parenting rather than out of a murderous rage toward black children. These constraints operate in surprising ways.

For example, the lowest fertility rates are among college-educated black women, who chose to pursue opportunity and a better life for themselves. As a result, these women are less likely to start families—college-educated black women are the group least likely to be married—and those who do, start later in life and with fewer resources. A recent study by the Insight Center for Community Economic Development revealed that single black women have on average only $100 in personal wealth, compared with $41,500 for single white women. With less disposable income, many black women are shut out of the booming reproductive technologies market available to their white peers. In this twisted sense even college education could be argued to constitute racial genocide.

African-American children face threats to their survival, and African-American women are confronted with challenges to their capacity to bear and parent healthy children. But racialized and shaming misinformation campaigns do nothing to address these problems. Poor black communities do not need a contemporary Eunice Rivers encouraging them to decline medical care; they need comprehensive healthcare reform that provides them with access to affordable options for preventing unwanted pregnancy, safely terminating unwelcome pregnancies and shepherding chosen pregnancies to full-term healthy babies. ■



They're baaaaack! Liz, Dick, Bill and the neocons plot to retake Washington.

I'm sure not many fathers think about whether their children will defend them one day from accusations that they ordered torture. Dick Cheney would probably be one of the few who has—and how nice that he got that lucky. Since her father left office, Liz Cheney has been his most visible and effective advocate. She's given speeches at conservative gatherings, written op-eds for publications like the *Wall Street Journal* and made dozens of television appearances, all aimed at defending her father's record and carrying his standard. And occasionally she finds herself having to claim that a technique developed by torturers as a method of torture (waterboarding) was not really torture when her father approved it.

To a lesser extent than his daughter, but still at an unprecedented level for a former vice president, Dick Cheney has also taken a highly public role, popping up regularly to attack the Obama administration's national security decisions. This past May, explaining her father's inordinately high profile, Liz said on MSNBC, "I don't think he planned to be doing this, you know, when they left office in January," but the administration's policy shifts, as well as the concern that "perhaps [Obama] would even be prosecuting former members of the Bush administration," had necessitated the former VP's re-emergence. During this period, the *Washington Monthly*'s Steve Benen counted "12 appearances, in nine and a half days, spanning four networks" for the younger Cheney.

The right's most famous father-daughter act has also been active behind the scenes. Liz has allied with neoconservative mover Bill Kristol to found Keep America Safe, infamous of late for its ads attacking as traitorous Justice Department lawyers who once "represented or advocated for terrorist detainees." The ad was so scurrilous that even Republican lawyers and Bush administration officials like former Attorney General Michael Mukasey and former Solicitor General Ted Olson condemned it. But whatever blowback the neocon attack machine may suffer for this particular overreach, the "Department of Jihad" smear is nonetheless a startling declaration that they just don't give a damn. (After all, what's a bit of rank dishonesty in an effort to head off almost certain Islamofascist doom?) With the Cheneys on board, neocons have become increasingly brazen in their accusations that President Obama is "inviting the next attack" by not sufficiently embracing the fact that "we are at war."

No question about it: Liz and Dick Cheney are on a mission, but just what is that mission? Some of it is clearly personal: in Dick's case, it's about burnishing his legacy; for Liz, there's the possibility of a run for Congress or the Senate. But in order to reposition themselves to retake the reins of power, the Cheneys must rescue the "global war on terror" from the ash heap of history, and they're doing this by playing the one card they've got: fear. Their larger goal, then, is to resuscitate the neocons' post–September 11 vision of a world in which the United States, unbound by rules or reality, imposes its will on friend and enemy alike.

Composer Frank Zappa once said of jazz, "It's not dead, it just smells funny." The same could be said of neoconservatism. The taint of Iraq continues to cling. Despite a sustained public relations effort to promote the Iraq surge as a vindica-

tion of the war, a January CNN poll reported that 60 percent of Americans disapprove of the war. Even though the Obama administration has retained elements of Bush's anti-terrorism programs—including a possible decision to try the September 11 conspirators in military tribunals rather than civilian courts—the neoconservative conceit of a "global war on terror" has largely been cast aside by policy-makers and the military in favor of a more nuanced view of who our enemies are, how they operate and how we can stop them.

It turns out, however, that being disastrously wrong on the most significant foreign policy questions of the era is no barrier to continued influence in American politics. Even though their bong-hit theories about transforming the Middle East at the point of an American gun retain about as much popular appeal as *E. coli*, the neocons continue to impact US foreign policy debates through an entrenched network of think tanks (the American Enterprise Institute, the Foundation for Defense of Democracies, the Hudson Institute), publications (*The Weekly Standard*, *Commentary*, *National Review*), supportive editorial boards (the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*) and, of course, Fox News.

Composer Frank Zappa once said of jazz, 'It's not dead, it just smells funny.' The same could be said of neoconservatism.

With the continuing decline of the Scowcroftian realist faction of the GOP, there are currently no close competitors for control of Republican foreign policy, even though neocons are far from loved by conservative grassroots outside the Beltway. This much was clear at the recent Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC), where Liz performed her usual "stab in the back" act, accusing Obama of "usher[ing] Al Qaeda–trained terrorists onto American soil." The audience gobbled it down like chum—then went into a full-on frenzy when Liz introduced her dad. But despite the wild applause for the Cheneys, the big winner of CPAC's presidential straw poll (with one of the highest totals ever) was Texas Congressman Ron Paul, who represents a more populist-isolationist strain of conservatism and is a longtime critic of Dick Cheney and the neoconservative faction.

But while Paulite isolationists may disdain the role neocons play in the GOP, they lack the organizational tools to challenge it. A parallel can be drawn here to neoliberalism's control of Democratic economics. No matter how much inequality their theories generate, Robert Rubin's acolytes always seem to show up in positions of authority. "The problem for knowledgeable Republican foreign policy realists like Colin Powell, Dick Lugar and Chuck Hagel is that the neocons are able to dismiss their concerns and policy recommendation as 'me-tooism' of the 'liberal' foreign policies of the Democratic Party," says Tom Shachtman, co-author of *The Forty Years War: The Rise and Fall of the Neocons From Nixon to Obama*. Shachtman suggests that the neocons greatly benefit from the news media's tendency toward sensationalism. "Their far-out, deliberately argumentative and provocative stances are, they know, much more attractive to media outlets than the stances of the realists," Shachtman says. "The media's current mantra is, 'Let's you and him fight,' and so if a foreign policy moderate is reluctant to utter fighting words, any media outlet that is scrambling for ratings will find a neocon to do so."

And despite Paul's victory in the CPAC straw poll, his three closest competitors—Mitt Romney, Sarah Palin and Tim Pawlenty—all espouse neoconservatism as their foreign policy. Palin is currently advised on foreign policy by Randy Scheunemann, a close ally of Bill Kristol and former head of the Committee for the Liberation of Iraq. Scheunemann's lobbying firm recently hired former McCain campaign spokesman and *Weekly Standard* blogger Michael Goldfarb, who also works for Keep America Safe. In other words, the populist enthusiasm of the tea partyers aside, the neocons remain in a good position to keep pushing their wars.

The political importance of having America "at war" underpinned Robert Kagan and Bill Kristol's 1996 *Foreign Affairs* manifesto "Toward a Neo-Reaganite Foreign Policy," the ur-text of modern foreign policy neoconservatism. Pitched explicitly as a formula for conservative resurgence, it attacked what the authors called the "lukewarm consensus about America's reduced role in a post-Cold War world," insisting that conservative success requires offering "a more elevated vision of America's international role."

Even a decade and a half later, the piece is impressive in its ambition and frankness. While claiming Reagan's standard, the authors cast aside significant elements of his worldview, such as his enthusiasm for John Winthrop's vision of America as a "city on a hill," which Kagan and Kristol dismissed as a "charming old metaphor" to which Americans "succumb easily." In stark admission that what they were advocating was a departure from traditional conceptions of American foreign policy, they dismissed John Quincy Adams's admonition that America ought not go "abroad in search of monsters to destroy." "But why not?" the authors asked. "The alternative is to leave monsters on the loose, ravaging and pillaging to their hearts' content."

Crucially, Kagan and Kristol's views were not offered primarily as an analysis of foreign policy or international affairs but as a formula for conservative political success. Finding monsters abroad was, in their view, necessary for maintaining conservative power at home. September 11 provided the perfect monsters to match neoconservatives' ambitions, and they made the most of the opportunity. They won't give up the monsters without a struggle.

Fellow neocon Frank Gaffney, for example, recently criticized CPAC's organizers for slighting national security on the

Matthew Duss is national security editor for the blogs Think Progress and The Wonk Room at the Center for American Progress Action Fund.

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Dr. Robert G. Fovell is Professor of Atmospheric and Oceanic Sciences at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he is also cofounder and cochair of the Interdepartmental Program in Mathematics/Atmospheric and Oceanic Sciences. The winner of a UCLA Distinguished Teaching Award, Professor Fovell is a commentator for programs on the National Geographic Channel and the Discovery Channel.

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conference's agenda. "Even if a robust security-policy platform were not, on the merits, the right stance for the right," Gaffney wrote in the *Washington Times*, "it has proven repeatedly to be the winningest stance politically, especially in times when our countrymen properly feel insecure." In other words, being "at war" puts conservatives on better ground politically, even if it's not necessarily smart policy. You couldn't ask for a clearer admission of the essential bad faith that underlies the neocon arts.

Liz Cheney has proved to be an adept practitioner of those arts. While she is not the chronic sneerer her father is (just wait!), Liz can wave a bloody shirt as well as any Cheney. Recently on *Fox News Sunday*, when she criticized the Obama administration's use of civilian courts to deal with terror suspects apprehended in the United States—her father made the same charge on ABC that very morning—Liz was confronted by the *Washington Post*'s Ceci Connolly with the fact that terror suspects had been tried very successfully in civilian courts by the Bush administration. Liz dismissed this as a "diversion," insisting that the prosecution of suspects in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing in civilian courts got us "9/11 and 3,000 dead Americans." It was pure Dick.

ROB SUSSMAN

Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Barton Gellman, author of the book *Angler: The Cheney Vice Presidency*, says that Liz has been the driving force behind her father's reappearance on the national scene. "He really doesn't care what anyone thinks of him," Gellman says. "She's much more interested in responding to his critics and getting him to respond. It's because of her more than anyone that he's writing his memoirs. She's encouraging him to get out there." As for Liz's own views, Gellman says, "From everything I can tell, she's a little bit to the right of her father. He tends to be a little more nuanced, both in his views and in the presentation."

By the time Liz burst onto the scene in early 2008, she'd already had a lot of practice representing her dad's views, having been appointed deputy assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern affairs in 2002. A former State Department employee who worked under her but declined to be named says, "It was always clear that she was speaking in her father's voice." Another former State Department employee who worked with Liz confirms this, saying that she "was someone who was comfortable letting it be known who her father was," a practice that "engendered resentment and created problems for programs." According to this former employee, "it was clear she was there to advance the VP's agenda."

Middle East democracy promotion was a major part of Liz's portfolio, but the fact that she was the daughter of a high-ranking American official caused skepticism in the region. The second former State Department employee put it like this: "You can't be a democracy promotion official and tell a government to be more open when the person you're doing advance work for is the VP's daughter." What sign does it send, this colleague asks, "when the person telling you to reform your government is only in her position because of nepotism? Her mere presence in that job undermined the moral legitimacy of the pro-democracy and open-government argument."

Given Liz's status as a conservative scion, it's fitting that she has joined forces with another of Washington's most famous nepotism cases, Bill Kristol, the neocon deck's ace of spades. "In the modern configuration of the conservative media machine," wrote University of Kentucky political scientist Robert Farley on the blog Lawyers, Guns and Money, "Kristol occupies an unparalleled central position of power." Farley has compared Kristol to a business that is too big to fail. "Relationships are the currency of conservative punditry, and that currency is essentially secured by Kristol." No matter how wrong Kristol continues to be about everything, his reputation can never be allowed to sink.

Early in 2009 Kristol unveiled a new 501c(3) organization, the Foreign Policy Initiative. FPI was basically a re-branded Project for the New American Century, the neoconservatives' 1990s effort to lay the groundwork for America's next war (China was among the favored targets, but 9/11 changed that). But PNAC had become over-identified with the Iraq debacle, which its members had all played major roles in advancing, and so it was necessary to shut it down and reboot it as FPI.

In October 2009, Kristol launched Keep America Safe, a 501c(4), along with Liz Cheney and Debra Burlingame, whose brother Charles was a pilot of the hijacked American Airlines Flight 77, which crashed into the Pentagon on September 11. Like Iraqi cleric Muqtada al-Sadr's Mahdi Army, Keep America Safe essentially functions as Kristol's militia wing, taking a power drill to the fear center of the American brain and leaving the bloody remains of factual accuracy and good taste in its wake. Substantially funded by Mel Sembler, a major GOP donor and former chair of the Scooter Libby Defense Trust, Keep America Safe's main goal seems to be to Keep America Scared Shitless. The organization's website is a clearinghouse for anti-Islamic paranoia; it features numerous scary stories related to terrorism, like one from a former prison guard who had been attacked by Al Qaeda–sympathetic prisoners, and a daily "detainee spotlight" bio of the various Guantánamo Bay prisoners President Obama presumably wants to release into your neighborhood.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Notice of Class Action, Proposed Class Settlement and Hearing
***Becker, et al., v. District of Columbia, et al.*, Case No. 01- CV-0811 (PLF)(JMF)**

If you were arrested on Saturday, April 15, 2000 in Washington, D.C. in connection with the IMF / World Bank related demonstrations you could receive up to $18,000 from a class action settlement

Class Counsel are the attorneys of the Partnership for Civil Justice Fund

A settlement has been proposed in a class action lawsuit about the illegality of the arrests of approximately 700 protesters and other persons on Saturday, April 15, 2000 in Washington, D.C. Many of those arrested were detained between police lines on the street, moved onto busses for extended periods of time, were in custody at least overnight, and were restrained wrist-to-ankle with plastic "flexcuffs."

Who's Included?

The class is "all persons who were detained and arrested on April 15, 2000 near the area of 20th Street, NW and I and K Streets, Washington D.C., in connection with the protest against the Prison Industrial Complex during the IMF/World Bank demonstrations."

What is Proposed?

The proposed settlement will provide up to $18,000 per class member in compensation. Attorneys fees will be paid separately and will not be deducted from this amount. In addition, the arrests of class members will be expunged. Class Members who participate in the Settlement Agreement will receive a Court Order issued by United States District Court Judge Paul L. Friedman that will provide that "The arrest of [name to be inserted] on April 15, 2000 in the District of Columbia is hereby null and void." The D.C. Metropolitan Police Department has agreed to mandatory training of its officers and other measures to prevent recurrence.

If you are a class member, your legal rights are affected whether you act, or don't act. **Strict deadlines will apply**.

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Exclude Yourself	Get no payment. This is the only option that allows you to ever be part of any other lawsuit about the legal claims in this case. **Deadline: May 17, 2010**
Object	Write to the Court about why you don't like the settlement. **Deadline: May 31, 2010**
Go to a Hearing	Ask to speak in Court about the fairness of the settlement. **Fairness Hearing: June 30, 2010 at 9:30 a.m., Courtroom 29A, United States District Court for the District of Columbia, 333 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. Judge Paul L. Friedman presiding.**
Do Nothing	Get no payment. Give up rights.

Getting More Information

This is a summary notice. More details are in the detailed class notice and the Settlement Agreement. You can get a copy of the forms and case documents and get more information:

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In addition to turning out press releases explaining why each and every item of news proves that Democrats love terrorists—when Congressional Democrats recently introduced language into a bill prescribing penalties for the crime of torture, Keep America Safe accused them of launching a "sneak attack" on the CIA—the organization also specializes in web ads created by Justin Germany, former director of web advertising for the McCain campaign. Picked up by sites like *Politico* and sympathetic blogs, these ads eventually make their way onto cable news. "A lot of what you want to do with web video is attempt to get earned media," Germany said in a recent interview. "What you want to be able to do is have all guns blazing at once."

On March 2 Cheney and Kristol escalated their attacks significantly with the "Deparment of Jihad" smear. Over the troubled strains of an ersatz Barber's Adagio, the ad flashes a picture of Osama bin Laden while a grave voice asks, "Whose values do they share?" The narrator then demands that the attorney general reveal the identities of "the Al Qaeda 7." The ad generated some "earned media" among the usual Fox News/right-wing blogger axis but soon generated a significant backlash even among conservatives, earning a letter of protest signed by former Whitewater prosecutor Ken Starr and a rebuke from Fox News favorite Senator Lindsey Graham.

None of this will likely stick to Kristol or Cheney, who will simply pocket the coverage and prepare for the next attack. The Plum Line blogger Greg Sargent recently remarked, "It's odd how some in the Beltway media elite grant Ms. Cheney a kind of protected status that allows her to say literally anything about these issues."

The protected status of certain policy elites is at the heart of the problem presented by the Cheney-neocon alliance. That people who committed such egregious errors in analysis and judgment are not held accountable and even continue to argue for those policies represents a problem for the Washington foreign policy establishment. "These people committed foreign policy malpractice," says Brian Katulis, a national security senior fellow at the Center for American Progress (where I'm also employed), "but the small and general insular nature of the national security think tanks and their close ties to centers of power…means that some of the same old faces that were around in the 1980s and 1990s and the 2000s are recycled again and again and again with no standards again being applied regarding the accuracy of their work."

Paul Pillar, a twenty-eight-year intelligence veteran who now teaches at Georgetown University, says of Cheney's prominent role as Obama critic, "The fact is that he [Cheney] has a lot to be defensive about concerning the destructive consequences of some of the Bush administration's national security policies, in which Mr. Cheney clearly had an extremely influential role. And the best defense is a lively offense." Pillar scoffs at the Cheneyite "war on terror" framing, saying such an approach "confuses and conflates the questions of the nature of the problem, the seriousness of the problem and the appropriate means for dealing with the problem." According to Pillar, it also "plays into Al Qaeda's desire to be considered as legitimate warriors rather than as loathsome criminals." Yet this is precisely the elevated status the Cheneyites want to bestow on our enemies, in an effort to create more favorable domestic political ground for themselves.

The New America Foundation's Steve Clemons, a knowledgeable Washington insider, questions whether there are even any real ideas underpinning the Cheney-Kristol merger. "There are different clusters of neoconservatives," Clemons says. "Some of them have told me that what, in fact, the Bill Kristol wing is about is keeping and maintaining power. It's not a question of principles or even of democracy at the end of a gun. That doesn't explain what's going on with this merger." Like Gellman, Clemons places Liz to Dick's right. "I would argue that Liz Cheney is more of a neoconservative than her father," he says. "I think what they're trying to do is position Liz and others to be the next generation of politicos that achieve real national power."

Keep America Safe's main goal seems to be to Keep America Scared Shitless. Its website is a clearinghouse for anti-Islamic paranoia.

Gellman agrees that Liz is being positioned as a political force. Dick "obviously wants to help her," he says. "She obviously has political ambitions and [intends] to run for office." Gellman suggests that Dick's surprise appearance at CPAC should be seen as a key moment in Liz's upward climb. "My reading of [his] CPAC speech is that he went for the sole purpose of amping up Liz's status," Gellman says. "He told the same joke as always—'A welcome like that is almost enough to make me want to run for office again'—but with a subtle variation: 'I'll do everything I can, but I want to encourage the younger generation.' Then he gestured at Liz. It was almost a palpable passing of the torch."

Clemons challenges the notion that the neoconservatives were ever really down or out. "That was always false," he says. Despite the various disasters wrought by their ideas, "they always continue to sort of lurk in the framework and look for opportunities to animate their crowd and bring in their fellow travelers," as they have now with the Cheneys.

Combining Dick Cheney's considerable political network with the neocons' organizing and fundraising capacity will present a formidable challenge to their opponents. "We've seen a real technical capacity that these folks have to pick a national security threat, to organize 501c(3)s, 501c(4)s, and to drive a ton of money into this stuff," Clemons says. "There's so many of these groups, but it's all the same forty or fifty people."

Clemons concludes that the continuing prominence of the neocons, despite the demonstrable failure of their ideas, reveals "a continuing deficit on the part of their opponents to compete with them." The neconservatives "continue to find opportunities and movements to exploit, and to take advantage of this or that national security cause," Clemons says. "I constantly see a creativity on their side that I respect, frankly." ■

Hondurans' Great Awakening

Despite brutal repression, a bold resistance movement is defying the US-backed coup regime.

by DANA FRANK

Two powerful forces have swept through Honduras since the June 28, 2009, coup that deposed President Manuel "Mel" Zelaya: one magnificent, the other truly horrible. The first is the resistance movement that rose up to contest the coup, surprising everyone in its breadth, nonviolence and resilience. The second is the new regime's brutal repression in response. "It's been terribly painful, and a great awakening," reflects Ayax Irías, a sociologist at the National Autonomous University of Honduras.

While the conflict continues to escalate, the Obama administration is vigorously supporting the coup regime under Porfirio "Pepe" Lobo Sosa. "We believe that President Lobo and his administration have taken the steps necessary to restore democracy," declared Secretary of State Hillary Clinton on March 4. But the resistance movement itself, with its demand for a reconstitution of Honduran society from below, is a vivid testament to the country's need for real democracy. As the resistance faces off against the US-backed oligarchs and military, there's no question that this is the most important moment in Honduran history, even more important than the immense general strike of 1954, from which all modern Honduran history flows.

I returned to Honduras in February for the first time since the coup to find a country transformed. People involved in the resistance were bursting with political energy, with an utterly new faith in their power. But they were also well aware of how dangerous the situation is—as am I, so I am changing some of the identifying details of those with whom I spoke.

Most obviously new was the graffiti, which was everywhere I went—from Tegucigalpa, the capital; to San Pedro Sula, the big industrial city in the north; to the smaller cities of El Progreso and La Lima in the banana zone; to, most daringly, the walls along the US Air Force base at Palmerola. "*¡Golpista!*," the all-important epithet that means a perpetrator or supporter of the coup, or *golpe de estado*, was splayed on storefronts, television stations and houses. Most messages were straightforward: "*Militares Asesinos*" or "*¡Elecciones No!*," protesting the November 29 elections, boycotted by almost all pro-resistance candidates, who objected that no free and fair elections could take place under military occupation. Others were more pointedly personal: "*Micheletti Pinochetti*," equating the coup-regime president, Roberto Micheletti, with the dictator of Chile after its 1973 coup, Augusto Pinochet. "Erase me, *golpista!*" taunted one wall.

RODRIGO ABD/AP PHOTO

Supporters of ousted President Manuel Zelaya demonstrate in front of police officers outside a meeting between government officials and diplomats in Tegucigalpa, October 8, 2009.

Even more remarkable was the change in young people. Teenagers and twentysomethings I had known for a decade—largely the children of trade unionists—who before hadn't been politically engaged at all, were suddenly sitting up in their chairs differently, eager to tell me stories of marches they'd joined, tear gas they'd tasted. One 15-year-old girl arrived in a red T-shirt reading, "I ♥ Honduras Without *Golpistas*." Cellphones kept going off with newly popular songs of the resistance as ring tones—"*Traidores*" or "*Nos Tienen Miedo Porque No Tenemos Miedo*" (They're afraid of us because we're not afraid), the song by Argentine Liliana Felipe and Mexican Jesusa Rodríguez, which has become the informal anthem of the resistance.

Older folks in the resistance, by contrast, had a sober look in their eyes. Unlike their children, those in their 50s and 60s know how much more terrible things can get; they lived through the 1970s and '80s in Central America. But as veterans of those struggles, they also had a clear sense that this was the main chance they'd been waiting for their whole lives; people were finally coming together and rising up. "All these years I've been involved in the struggle, but I've never felt that change was so close," Efraín Aguilar, a lifelong union activist, told me in low, firm tones.

In Tegucigalpa, I mentioned to a cabdriver the name of a Honduran Congressman I had just met in the airport the day before. "*Golpista!*" he spat out. He rattled off the man's connections to Micheletti and the most elite of Honduran oligarchs and kept talking with me about the resistance.

Dana Frank is a history professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and the author, among other books, of Bananeras: Women Transforming the Banana Unions of Latin America, *which focuses on Honduras. She is writing a book on the AFL-CIO's cold war intervention in the Honduran labor movement.*

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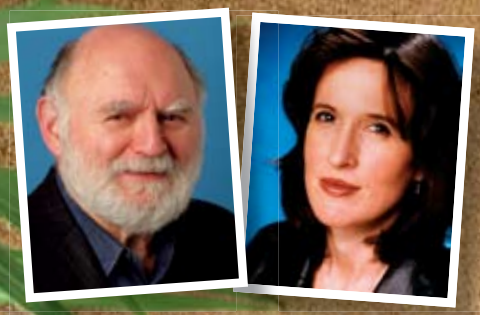

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Finally I asked him, Aren't you afraid to speak so openly with an unknown passenger? "After what we've been through, it doesn't matter anymore," he said.

When the military packed President Zelaya onto a plane to Costa Rica on June 28 in his now-famous pajamas, and the majority of Congress installed Micheletti as president with the collusion of the Supreme Court, enormous semi-spontaneous demonstrations and protests followed, beginning that same afternoon. Hundreds of thousands of people streamed into Tegucigalpa from small villages and cities throughout the country. An ad hoc national coalition calling itself the Frente Nacional de Resistencia Popular formed within days, uniting the campesino movement; indigenous, African-descent and women's organizations; human rights groups; trade unions; and, most astonishingly welcome, the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender movement, in what they together refer to as *un movimiento amplio*, a broad movement. Trade unions make up the backbone of the movement, especially the teachers, public-sector workers, banana workers and bottling-plant workers, whose meeting halls are essential to the resistance.

By a sheer act of collective will, the movement has been overwhelmingly nonviolent, a decision made entirely from below.

But part of what makes the resistance so strong is its diversified base, with each social group organized within its own constituency, each with a representative in the top-level coordinating committee—and each with its own stake in reconstituting Honduras.

The women's movement is just one example. Numerous observers reported that 60 to 70 percent of the demonstrators have been women, who join the resistance not only as individuals but also with long-established groups like the Center for Women's Rights; they have specific collective demands, linking the coup, the resistance movement and their vision of a new future. "*Ni golpe de estado ni golpe a mujeres*," for example, showed up on posters, in chants and in demands that the Frente take on domestic violence.

What unites the resistance is not just opposition to the coup regime but a positive vision of a new Honduras, to be enacted through a national assembly that would, in turn, produce a new Constitution. The slogan I saw everywhere, "*Por un constituyente no excluyente*" (For a constitutional convention that doesn't exclude), captures widespread hopes that the new Constitution, modeled after ones recently passed in Bolivia (2009), Ecuador (2008) and Venezuela (1999), could guarantee and expand basic rights of the sectors that make up the resistance, such as land rights for campesinos and indigenous peoples, women's rights and basic labor rights.

The resistance, broadly defined, has a solid middle-class presence as well, including not just left-wing college students but large numbers of Liberal Party members loyal to Zelaya. During the big marches in the capital, many supporters from the middle class weren't comfortable joining on foot, so they came in their cars, whole families honking, waving banners and shouting. In one march on August 17, thousands of cars joined at the end, so many that it took them two hours to pass by.

By a sheer act of collective will, the movement has been overwhelmingly nonviolent, a decision made entirely from below, then officially ratified by the resistance coalition after the first week. What supporters call their *movimiento pacífico*, in classic Gandhian fashion, has served to sharply highlight, within Honduras and all over the world, the brutality of the government.

From day one, the coup government launched a vicious assault on those who dared to challenge it, deploying not just the military but municipal police and newly mobilized paramilitary assassins. Peaceful demonstrations full of old people and children were met with volley after volley of tear gas, the kinds that make you vomit or cry or feel like you can't breathe, or all three. According to eyewitnesses, media reports and independent Honduran human rights groups that are bravely tracking all this repression, police swept through crowds beating marchers with batons sporting new metal tips, snatching bystanders and protesters alike and throwing them into the back of trucks. Once in custody, many were beaten, tortured and/or raped. According to the Committee of Families of the Disappeared in Honduras (COFADEH), more than 3,000 people have been illegally detained since June 28. COFADEH reports that at least forty-one Hondurans associated with the resistance have been killed, including trade unionists and GLBT activists. One of the first was Isis Obed, 19, shot in the head by a government sniper from atop the Tegucigalpa airport at a demonstration on July 5 when President Zelaya tried to return by plane. The great majority of those killed have been rank-and-file activists who were kidnapped or shot in their homes or in the streets by unknown assailants.

While much international attention has focused on the capital, the repression has been nationwide. On the highway in Choloma, outside San Pedro Sula, protesters at twelve demonstrations in July, August and September occupied a strategic bottleneck through which trucks have to pass carrying industrial products to Puerto Cortés. Witnesses reported that the protesters were met with brutal attacks: tear gas and beatings, but also violence directed especially at women, including nightsticks jammed into women's crotches, rapes in detention and foul insults telling them they deserved it because they weren't in their proper place in the home. Irma Villanueva, 25, testified on the radio that she was detained and gang-raped by four police officers after a demonstration in Choloma on August 14.

In a snowballing process of collective awakening and self-discovery, though, this ongoing process of protest, repression and even greater subsequent protest has changed ordinary people's sense of themselves and their power—all the more astonishing because none of this was supposed to happen in Honduras. "Hondurans always had the reputation of being

cowards," reflected Irías, the sociologist. "I never imagined that Hondurans had the ability or disposition to struggle like this." Before the coup, Honduras was largely known as the political black hole of Central America: during the 1970s and '80s, it didn't produce large guerrilla movements on the left as did its neighbors Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua. Instead, it served as the "USS Honduras," the base for the Reagan administration's Contra war against the Nicaraguan Sandinistas.

Honduras did, in fact, have a small armed left in the '80s and government-sponsored death squads led by the notorious Battalion 3-16, which killed more than 100 activists. But the country's population of 7.8 million, despite a poverty rate above 60 percent, has remained largely in the ideological thrall of a few oligarch families locked into a two-party patronage system, never able to mobilize a third party from the left and not, in general, engaged in meaningful debate.

Now, if nothing else, the country is politicized down to the bone. "What I love is that everyone—men, women, old people, little kids—is talking about politics," said Zoila Lagos, a veteran of the 1980s struggles who lives in a poor barrio near Choloma. In Tegucigalpa especially, activists discussed the resistance openly with me, in stores, in cabs and on crowded streets downtown. One young man told me it was a deliberate strategy: "We're normalizing the resistance, normalizing the concepts of struggle, so they're something familiar." There's a new moral line in the sand between the resistance, representing the vast majority of the Honduran people, and the *golpistas*—the oligarchs, their media and the military.

The alternative media have been essential to this rapid politicization at the grassroots. When the coup was launched, every metropolitan daily newspaper except one, every big-city television station except one and the great majority of the mainstream radio stations overtly supported the new regime, spouting bald lies that even the most neutral could see through: that the protesters were just violent riffraff; that Hugo Chávez was about to invade Honduras. *La Prensa*, a San Pedro Sula daily, even airbrushed out the blood dripping from the head of Isis Obed in a photograph taken just after he was killed at the airport. The outrageous collusion of the mainstream media, owned by the same oligarchs who have controlled the government for decades and who perpetrated the coup, contributed to the growth of popular consciousness and a higher level of critical thinking about the power structure within Honduras. "It opened the eyes of the people. The media are exactly the same, but the people aren't," observed Padre Melo, an esteemed Jesuit priest who directs Radio Progreso, an alternative radio station in El Progreso.

Critiques of the press were everywhere I went, like the big white banner sporting the logo of one of San Pedro Sula's leading dailies, promising "Get Stupid in Three Days. Read *La Prensa*." People kept repeating their favorite chant from the marches: "*¡No somos cinco, no somos cien, prensa vendida cuéntanos bien!*" (We're not five, we're not a hundred, sold-out press, count us well!).

Alternative radio has been particularly important in breaking through what those in the resistance call the "media fence" around the coup. Two powerful stations, Radio Globo in the

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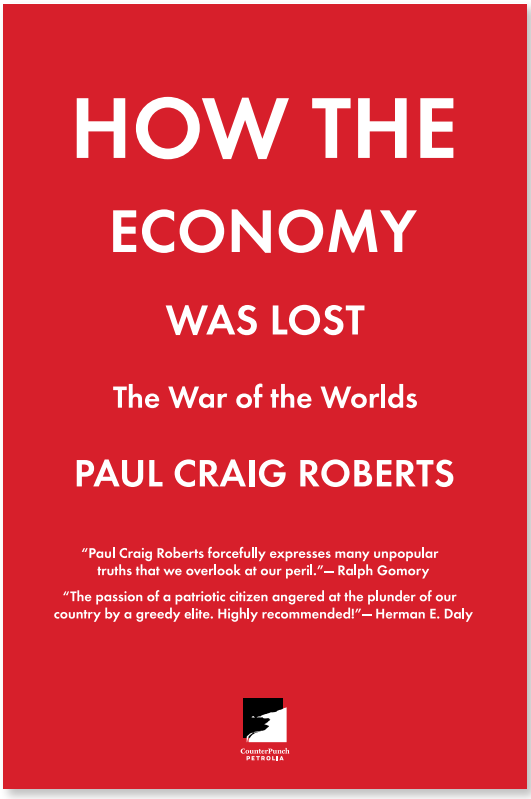
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capital and Radio Progreso in the north, have fully developed studios, transmitters and websites. Others are low-wattage operations run by indigenous groups, or Radio Uno in San Pedro Sula, run by teenagers in their school uniforms out of a journalism school. The programming on these stations is highly participatory—full of call-ins and local news reports—and it fills the streets, as vendors, cabdrivers and store owners play them day and night.

The coup government is well aware of the importance of the resistance media and has repeatedly clamped down on these outlets as well as opponents in the print media, often brutally, accusing them of "media terrorism." On the day of the coup, for example, the military surrounded Radio Progreso and shut it down for several hours. Since then, "we've gotten bomb threats almost daily," reported Radio Progreso director Padre Melo. Most recently, on January 6 unknown assailants burned down Radio Faluma Bimetu, a station run by Afro-indigenous Garífuna people in Triunfo de la Cruz.

No one really knows how deep all this popular politicization runs. Many Hondurans are keeping their heads low, quietly cheering on the resistance. Others still believe the mainstream media and are grateful that the government is "restoring order." We do have a few crude quantitative measures. While the government keeps revising its initial figures downward, it appears that the November 29 election, boycotted by the resistance, had only a 35 or 40 percent voter turnout. For another measure, 450,000 to 600,000 Hondurans, a very low estimate, participated in demonstrations on the two biggest days of protest: July 5 and September 15. As a percentage of the population, that's the equivalent in the United States of more than 20 million people.

On February 17 I was interviewed on Radio Uno by Pedro Brizuela, a wily and witty veteran communist in his 70s, who for many years has been working with the Garífuna along the Atlantic coast. Exactly one week later, assassins gunned down his 36-year-old daughter, Claudia, as she opened her front door in San Pedro Sula. It was a clear message to Pedro and to anyone else in the movement: keep fighting, and we'll kill your children.

Under the new Lobo administration, the repression isn't over, and it's getting more insidious. Lobo has reappointed the same military leaders who perpetrated the coup, with the exception of Gen. Romeo Vásquez Velásquez, who was dismissed only to be named head of Hondutel, the state-owned telephone company, which the oligarchs are itching to privatize. Paramilitary-style violence against the resistance has escalated since Lobo's inauguration on January 27. On February 15, two masked men on a motorcycle gunned down Julio Fúnez Benítez, of the sanitation workers' union. On March 14, two vehicles shot forty-seven bullets into the car of Nahún Ely Palacios Arteaga, news director of Canal 5 in the Aguán Valley, killing him instantly. Both men had protested the coup government.

The government, military and media want to pretend that this is all common crime, which is, in fact, rampant in Honduras—violence has touched both sides. On March 1 one outspoken pro-coup journalist was shot at, and her driving companion, a TV reporter, was killed. But no one in the movement believes there is anything random about the recent murders of resistance members, including one campesino activist, two trade unionists and a rank-and-file activist, which appear clearly intended to terrorize the grassroots resistance.

What happens next? The Lobo administration faces the task of suppressing a movement that is truly popular, with great determination, organizational capacity and hope. The Frente is still consolidating and expanding its regional base. It has announced that it does not recognize the Lobo government and plans to continue to destabilize what it views as a weak and illegitimate regime. It has denounced the impunity that continues, including the so-called "amnesty" in which the generals who perpetrated the coup—and who, with the exception of Vásquez Velásquez, remain at the top of the armed forces—were swiftly charged, tried and exonerated in January. The Frente's plan is to continue to challenge the government at the grassroots, forcing in the next year a National Assembly that would, in turn, lead to a constitutional convention and a new Constitution. It is already moving forward with plans for its own National Assembly on June 28, the anniversary of the coup. The Frente has announced it will eventually become a political party, but not for some time, in part because of the risk of co-optation as it tries to hold together its diverse base. "The struggle has only begun," observed Zoila Lagos, my friend from Choloma.

Meanwhile, the Obama administration has swiftly recognized Lobo's new government and is pretending everything's just fine in Honduras. US aid, both military and humanitarian, is flowing once again, shoring up an unstable government with little legitimacy. Inside our own media fence, Honduras has largely dropped from the headlines.

Progressives in the United States need to make sure the Obama administration doesn't get away with shoring up the coup regime of the Honduran oligarchs and military. We need to demand that the United States withdraw its recognition of the Lobo government; halt all aid, as the Frente has explicitly requested; cut ties to the Honduran military, including ongoing training at the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation (formerly known as the School of the Americas); and close the US base at Palmerola. Obama and Clinton should denounce the ongoing human rights abuses and the outrageous impunity granted the Honduran armed forces, police and paramilitaries—along with the Congress members and Supreme Court justices who backed the coup. If we're going to achieve any of these goals, though, we need to build our own *movimiento amplio* in support of the Honduran people. We can begin by building up grassroots pressure on members of Congress, district by district, working through our own unions, faith communities, immigrant organizations, GLBT and women's groups.

Whatever happens next, the Honduran people are not going back to sleep. As Carlos Humberto Reyes, the grand charismatic figure at the head of the resistance, who ran for president as an independent but pulled out in protest, said to me, "The important thing is that the people have changed." ■

Who Speaks for Human Rights?

A clash between a feminist activist and a former Guantánamo detainee divides the left.

by D.D. GUTTENPLAN AND MARIA MARGARONIS

London

Its leaders may not wear white hats—or wings—but most people would put Amnesty International on the side of the angels. Decades of denunciations by dictators across the political spectrum have only increased the organization's prestige. Yet in recent weeks a new wave of criticism has portrayed Amnesty as "a threat to human rights," whose "leadership is suffering from a kind of moral bankruptcy." And this time the attack, which may affect not only Amnesty's reputation but also its funding, originates inside Amnesty itself.

JANNA BROWER

Gita Sahgal is the head of Amnesty's gender unit and has a long and distinguished track record as a fighter for women's rights here in Britain and in South Asia. In February she gave an interview to the *Sunday Times* objecting to Amnesty's collaboration with Moazzam Begg, a former Guantánamo prisoner who has been touring Europe on behalf of Amnesty's campaign to persuade other countries to admit inmates from the detention center in Cuba. "To be appearing on platforms with Britain's most famous supporter of the Taliban, whom we treat as a human rights defender, is a gross error of judgment," Sahgal said. Claiming she had gone public only after her bosses brushed aside repeated attempts to raise the issue internally, Sahgal, who was immediately suspended by Amnesty, soon became an international cause célèbre. Salman Rushdie issued a statement in her support; so did feminist groups and bloggers in Algeria, Bangladesh, India, Sri Lanka and the United States. Christopher Hitchens wrote a column (a reprise, with variations, of a 2005 piece branding Amnesty's advocacy for Guantánamo detainees a "disgraceful performance") urging Amnesty supporters to "withdraw funding until Begg is cut loose."

Sahgal's case was also taken up with relish by Britain's self-styled "decent left" of journalists and commentators, whose superior moral compasses led them to support the invasion of Iraq—unlike Sahgal, who opposed it. The controversy offered a convenient distraction from February's headlines revealing that officials of MI5, the British security service, were complicit in the CIA's torture of Binyam Mohamed, a British resident detained in Guantánamo from 2004 to 2009. On March 8 the British government went to court to argue that a civil suit by Begg, Mohamed and other former Guantánamo detainees seeking damages for their mistreatment should be heard entirely behind closed doors. For Moazzam Begg, Sahgal's accusations add insult to injury, branding as dangerous a man who was never charged with any crime, and undermining his efforts on behalf of his fellow prisoners.

Born in India and educated at London's School of Oriental and African Studies, Gita Sahgal may have inherited her confidence from her great-uncle Jawaharlal Nehru, India's first prime minister. She traces her political involvement to the Indian emergency of 1975-77, when Indira Gandhi ruled by decree. When Sahgal returned to India in 1977, she joined the civil rights movement, working to unionize the country's agricultural workers and fighting for the rights of migrants. After moving back to Britain in 1983, she found herself caught up in the radical response to Thatcherism, joining Southall Black Sisters, an antiracist group whose battles on two fronts—against the racism of some white feminists and the sexism of some black and Asian antiracist campaigners—soon became her own. In 1989, when "the Rushdie thing blew up in our faces," sending thousands of British Asians into the streets demanding the suppression of the novel *The Satanic Verses*—and in some cases calling for the death of its author—she helped found Women Against Fundamentalism. Defending Rushdie's right to publish, the group also argued that Britain's status as a Christian country with an established church, and blasphemy laws protecting only Christianity, fostered the growth of sectarianism. Excluded by the dominant Christian culture, immigrants were liable to seek refuge in the certainties of religious fundamentalism.

"Because I came from India," Sahgal told us, "I was aware of certain things going on. Over here the discussion was race, not religion. Who knew that people could be persecuted racially but still be quite nasty in terms of their religious affiliations and what they do? I knew that." Though she is from a Hindu background, Sahgal describes herself as an atheist; she has exposed the role of British charities in raising funds for Hindutva, the Hindu nationalist movement, and made films on forced marriages and on atrocities during the Bangladesh war of 1971. "If you're talking about an identity," she said, "it was about the defense of secularism."

Sahgal joined Amnesty in 2002. "I had one colleague to service 400–500 people in the International Secretariat and all the women's rights activists across the world," she said. "Absurd! And no money. I was starved of money all the time!" Despite her resentment, Sahgal functioned effectively enough to win praise for her work from Widney Brown, Amnesty's senior director for international law and policy. "I worked with her for four years," Brown told us, "and I have immense

D.D. Guttenplan and Maria Margaronis write from The Nation*'s London bureau.*

respect for her work…on issues that are incredibly difficult."

Sahgal says she has been raising internal objections to Amnesty's involvement with Moazzam Begg for two years. In early 2008, when the American branch of Amnesty (AIUSA) invited Begg to give the keynote speech at its annual general meeting, Sahgal sent a memo outlining her concerns to a colleague on the board of AIUSA, which stood by its invitation. Indeed, the AIUSA website describes Begg as born to "secular Muslim parents" and goes on: "Moved by the plight of the Afghani people, in 2001, Begg travelled to Kabul with his family to start a school for basic education, and to provide water pumps."

"It was a total whitewash," said Sahgal. She doesn't claim that Begg is—or ever was—a terrorist. Instead she argues that his activities and associations, taken together, add up to an unmistakable pattern of support for Islamic fundamentalism, which is entirely incompatible with women's rights or religious freedom for non-Muslims. "You have to be steeped in the language to see it," she said. "If you see it, you see it. If you don't, you don't." Asked for specifics, Sahgal points to:

Gita Sahgal argues that Begg's activities and associations add up to an unmistakable pattern of support for Islamic fundamentalism.

§ Begg's career as a tourist of jihad, which she says is typical of a particular kind of right-wing Islamic fundamentalism associated with Pakistan's violent Jamaat-e-Islami party.

§ His ownership of an Islamic bookstore in Birmingham, England, in the 1990s, which was raided three times by MI5. In his memoir, *Enemy Combatant*, Begg says the shop's bestselling title on jihad was *Defence of the Muslim Lands*, by Abdullah Azzam, a Palestinian-born scholar better known as Osama bin Laden's mentor and a co-founder of Al Qaeda.

§ Begg's comment, made to an FBI interrogator and quoted in *Enemy Combatant*, that "the Taliban were better than anything Afghanistan has had in the past twenty-five years."

§ The relationship of Begg and Cageprisoners, the organization he co-directs, which campaigns on behalf of Muslim detainees in the "war on terror," with Anwar al-Awlaki, an American-born Yemeni fundamentalist preacher whose sermons were attended by two of the 9/11 hijackers and who, according to the FBI, was an e-mail confidant of Nidal Malik Hasan, sole suspect in the 2009 Fort Hood shootings.

Begg says that he has simply advocated dialogue with the Taliban, just as the British government has done, and that Sahgal's attack is an attempt to put him on trial again. Amnesty officials deny turning a blind eye to Begg's supposed extremism. "Every time we've looked for specifics, we don't get any specifics or we get sensationalism," interim Secretary General Claudio Cardone told an interviewer for Canadian radio. The pattern Sahgal discerns in Begg's life story depends, as she admits, on a certain angle of vision. There are, however, less tendentious ways to read his history.

Moazzam Begg's journey also began in Britain's multiethnic communities and in the politics of the Indian subcontinent. Born in Birmingham to secular Muslims from India—his father sent him to a Jewish elementary school because of its high standards—he too was caught up, by his mid-teens, in antiracist battles as a member of the Lynx, a mostly Kashmiri gang that fought the skinheads and the fascist National Front in the early 1980s. In *Enemy Combatant*, written with Victoria Brittain after his release from Guantánamo, Begg relates how trips to Mecca and Pakistan, the 1991 Gulf War and the arrival in Britain of Bosnian refugees made him see his faith as the way to unify his disparate identities; Islam became his imagined community. In 1993 he returned to Pakistan and was impressed by the Jamaat-e-Islami's center in Lahore, with its university and karate dojo; he heard romantic tales of the struggle against the Soviets from veteran mujahedeen and visited training camps in Afghanistan. On his return to Birmingham, he opened his bookshop, which became a local center of Britain's Islamic revival and brought Begg to the attention of MI5.

Enemy Combatant offers a glimpse of the heady world of committed young British Muslims in the 1990s. The sense of moral rectitude and passionate doctrinal debates will ring a bell with anyone who took part in the left solidarity movements of the '70s and '80s. It was from this base that Begg set out for Bosnia and Chechnya (where he was turned away) and, in 2001, for Afghanistan, taking his British-Palestinian wife and three young children with him. When war broke out after September 11, Begg and his family fled to Pakistan, where he was arrested by American and Pakistani agents. He spent the next three years in detention, first in Bagram, where he describes being tortured, and then in Guantánamo, where he was kept for months in solitary confinement.

Since his release in 2005, Begg has spoken widely about his experiences for Amnesty and toured Britain for Cageprisoners with a former Guantánamo guard. When a British member of a Christian peace group was kidnapped in Iraq in November 2005, Begg made a video statement appealing for his release. But Sahgal's accusations, he writes on the Cageprisoners website, have led him to reconsider his approach: "Withdrawal to a place of safety, my own Muslim community, seems to be the best option right now." Cageprisoners staff, he says, have received death threats since Sahgal's complaints were made public.

Begg seems careful to frame his public statements so as not to alienate either liberal Britain or more radical members of his own community. "You have to speak to people in the Muslim community using Islamic words, Islamic concepts," he explained to us on the phone. It is not always easy to pin down exactly where he stands on human rights under Islamic law. But to call him, as Sahgal has done, "Britain's most famous supporter of the Taliban" is a misrepresentation of his views.

Begg went to Afghanistan in 2001, believing, he writes in his book, that the Taliban's "bad press was probably exaggerated." He told us, "We know that corruption is rife in the Muslim world, that there's no voice for the people. I'm not saying that voice existed in Afghanistan, but there was at least a kind of

security that hadn't existed before.... Unfortunately, what also existed was a kind of religious intolerance and brutality, which I saw with my own eyes." In Kabul, Begg helped to set up an elementary school for girls, which taught English and mathematics as well as Arabic and Islamic history. Though the Taliban didn't license the school, they didn't close it either. "I believe it was because we were foreign, Western Muslims," Begg told us. "There was a recognition among some of the Taliban that education matters...and that they had to educate women. I believed in engagement, in helping them see that they could have schools without compromising Islamic values."

Begg also makes no secret of his interest in armed struggle. "In Bosnia," he said, "I did fight for a while. But I saw people horribly damaged, and I thought, This is not for me." When we put to him Sahgal's accusation that the pattern of his activities reflects that of fundamentalists training for armed jihad, he said, "Jihad is armed. People talk now about spiritual jihad because they've been put on the back foot. But jihad is not the same as terrorism. Back when the British—when *we*—were supporting the mujahedeen against the Russians, that was jihad with Kalashnikovs. Not terrorism.... It is not uncommon to have passed through those camps. I believe millions went through them. I went for a few days. Don't forget, there were terrible things going on in the world that no one was talking about—massacres in Kashmir, a genocidal war with concentration camps and rape camps in Bosnia."

Begg seems particularly wounded by Sahgal's implication that he does not respect women's rights, pointing to his work with groups that empower Muslim women; he mentions HHUGS (Helping Households Under Great Stress), which supports the families of detainees, and an Iraqi women's refugee group. "I've spoken at Amnesty, for instance, on a panel about sexual violence in war. The reason why this is so important to me is that I heard women screaming [when I was in detention], and thought they were my wife. Well, they weren't my wife, but they were somebody's wife. I'll never forget that. [Gita Sahgal] has no monopoly on women's rights."

But Sahgal's complaint against Begg's connection with Amnesty is not so much about his personal views as about his associations: that his presence lends legitimacy to fundamentalist groups and clerics who have supported terrorism and whose record on women is appalling. Here the evidence is more difficult to weigh. The account of his pre-Guantánamo life in *Enemy Combatant* blends an appealing frankness with an air of naïveté that doesn't always convince; it is hard not to feel, at times, that the tale has been slightly sanitized for a Western audience. The Cageprisoners website combines the discourse of human rights with an anti-imperialist analysis and an Islamic point of view. But while a disclaimer says that Cageprisoners does not necessarily sympathize with the views of detainees it features, the website's page on Dhiren Barot, for example, never mentions that he was jailed for life by a British court after pleading guilty to planning mass attacks on civilians in Britain and the United States.

Cageprisoners's relationship with Anwar al-Awlaki is also troubling. On August 30, 2008, Awlaki preached by video link to the charity's Ramadan fundraising dinner. His remarks on that occasion were unobjectionable, but a blog cached from his website on the previous day strikes a different note: "Our position is that we will implement the rule of Allah on earth by the tip of the sword whether the masses like it or not." A piece by Begg on the Cageprisoners website declares that the charity "never has and never will support the ideology of killing innocent civilians, whether by suicide bombers or B52s, whether that's authorized by Awlaki or by Obama," but remains evasive about Awlaki's views: "After his release [from prison], I am told, Anwar's position on issues pertaining to US foreign policy had started to become more hostile." Asked to elaborate, Begg told us, "The reality is that I don't know much about [Awlaki's] work except for his sermons on Mecca and Medina. I hadn't heard of him until I came back from Guantánamo and found he was very popular among British Muslims."

Amnesty's Widney Brown is adamant that none of this should undermine her organization's partnership with Begg: "We would be the first to say if there was any evidence against him. There is nothing new." Amnesty's fundamental principle, she says, is justice; guilt or innocence can be determined only by due process. "We advocate for people's rights across the board," she told us, "and we don't do a litmus test as to whether you're guilty or not. On prisoners of conscience, we say, 'Release that person unconditionally.' In the case of Khalid Shaikh Mohammed, for example, we say, 'Don't torture him, don't detain him without trial. Bring him to justice.' When we do the former, we are seen as a good organization. When we do the latter, we are seen as political."

Says Amnesty International's Widney Brown, 'We would be the first to say if there was any evidence against him. There is nothing new.'

Amnesty, Brown explained, often works with people or groups it disagrees with: "The Catholic Church...[is] not good on women's rights. They are horrible on gay rights. And frankly, if you look at what they say about HIV and condoms, they have blood on their hands. Does that mean that we do not continue to work with the Catholic Church against the death penalty? Of course not.... [But] we would never allow someone to use an Amnesty International platform to attack human rights."

When Begg arrived in Britain in January 2005, almost nothing was known about conditions at Guantánamo; later that year, Amnesty's then-secretary general, Irene Khan, was criticized for calling it "the gulag of our times." In a way, Begg was the answer to the organization's prayers: "We found somebody who was clear and articulate and passionate about helping not just himself but others to get out, and who was willing to work with us. And this takes incredible courage for someone who has been tortured, because in talking about it memories inevitably come back," Brown said. Recently Begg has worked with Amnesty to persuade European governments to take Guantánamo

detainees who can't go home because of the risk of torture. At the same time, in response to objections raised by Sam Zarifi, director of Amnesty's Asia-Pacific program, in a memo that was also leaked to the *Sunday Times*, the charity decided not to use Begg in its South Asia work. (In a subsequent letter to the newspaper, Zarifi said he did not oppose Begg's involvement in the Guantánamo campaign but felt that Amnesty had not been clear enough in distinguishing between defending someone's rights and embracing their views, which raised the risk of "creating a perception…in South Asia, that AI is somehow pro-Taleban or anti-women.") Says Brown: "Sam's view was that, no, he was not the right person for [our South Asia campaigns]. He raised the concern, and he was heard."

Brown is clear about her respect for Sahgal's work but doesn't recognize her account of a culture of suppression in the organization, or agree that her concerns were brushed aside: "Gita spoke to me several times over the last four years saying that our work on terrorism was not sufficiently focused on how it affects women. This is a very legitimate concern. But the first time she ever raised issues to me about Moazzam Begg was in January, when she said she could make a connection, through al-Awlaki, between Begg and the Christmas Day bomber [Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab]. I said, 'You have to write this up so we can deal with it.' I read it; no red flags went up for me. When I talked to her about it, I said, 'You know what we expect of research, and you know that this is not acceptable. Drawing out a relationship from innuendo is something we would never support.'… Within a week, we had the article in the *Sunday Times*."

There are no angels in this story, only human beings. Women have too often been expected to stay silent for the greater good, and Gita Sahgal probably didn't intend her complaints about Amnesty to be taken up by apologists for the "war on terror." But a case based on guilt by association simply isn't good enough to publicly condemn a man, especially one who has already been imprisoned for crimes he did not commit. Moazzam Begg didn't seek out a life in the public eye; it came to him as a consequence of his ordeal. In the current climate he might be forgiven for being protective of his community, but if he is to be taken seriously as an advocate for universal human rights, he needs to clarify his views about fundamentalist clerics his organization embraces. Amnesty needs a more transparent culture to match its principles; women's rights must be integral to all of its campaigns.

The butterfly that set this particular tempest blowing beat its wing decades ago in some British inner city. Islamophobia, antifeminism, the mutual mistrust between Muslims and the secular left have all fanned the breeze. If successive governments had not encouraged minorities to define themselves by religion, if they had answered racism and poverty with justice instead of tokenism, Gita Sahgal and Moazzam Begg might not be on opposite sides of this destructive argument. ■

Letters

(continued from page 2)

versation with Pollitt. But it is important to note that since prochoice researchers first suggested that abortion might be linked to increased risk of breast cancer, Foster has warned prolifers not to use this as a weapon against women.

Regarding contraception, FFL members hold a wide range of opinions, as Foster mentioned during her recent NPR interview (npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=122851804).

I became a prolife feminist thirty years ago when, as a foreign student in Costa Rica, I heard liberation theology speakers say that abortion does nothing to solve any social problem or change any social or economic relations. What it does do is help maintain the economic, political and social status quo. Our society has largely lost its sympathy for unmarried single mothers, saying, "If it's her choice, then why should I have to pay for it?" Abortion has become both a symptom and a symbol of alienation in the society and the culture.

FFL believes that abortion degrades and exploits women through invading and objectifying their bodies, distorting their physiology, misdirecting their anger and obscuring the true causes of their oppression. We know from the Guttmacher reports over the years that most women have abortions because they lack resources and support they need in the workplace, school, home and from our government. Women deserve better. FFL opposes the criminalization of women (as almost everyone in the prolife movement does) and focuses our efforts on freeing women from abortion by addressing the issues reported by the Guttmacher Institute—and working along with prochoice advocates to check off our task list.

If that makes us "crunchy," we plead guilty as charged.

Sharon Long
Feminists for Life of America

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

Leavenworth, Ind.

Jeremy Scahill's "Blackwater's Youngest Victim" [Feb. 22; "Letters," March 22] has been lodged unnervingly in my mind. I wept reading it and again, reading it aloud first to my wife and later to my 14-year-old son, choked up nearly uncontrollably.

I distributed copies to friends and coworkers. Were my child the victim, I'm convinced I'd have sought out and waylaid Erik Prince and beaten him to within an inch of his life with bare fists, or died trying.

I am at once shamed and inspired by the utter grace of Ali's father and his family. It has forced me to rethink my views of the reactionary aspects of Shiite Islam, which I have tended to consider a parallel to extreme conservative Christianity.

If we all possessed a fraction of the grace exhibited by Mohammed Kinani, we could indeed be living in a Garden of Eden.

Dana G. Fillbach

Holy Greil

An editorial slip-up in Scott Saul's "A Body on the Gears" [March 29] caused a quote about Mario Savio to be attributed to Jann Wenner. It was actually written by Greil Marcus. The sentence should have been rendered as follows: "As former FSMer Greil Marcus has noted, 'Savio seemed to embody not just will but also doubt, and the need to speak and act in the face of doubt.'"

Books & the Arts.

ARCHIVIO CENTRALE DELLO STATO, ROME

A mug shot of Violet Gibson taken on April 7, 1926, the day she shot Mussolini

A Wise Unknowingness

by BRENDA WINEAPPLE

After defending such clients as Sacco and Vanzetti and Charles Ponzi (yes, *that* Ponzi), my paternal grandfather, a lawyer and Jewish Italophile, published in 1930 a slim book, *Italy and Your Senses*, which is not, as the title suggests, a poetic tribute to Italian art, topography or people but rather a valentine to Benito Mussolini, whom he considered the resurrection and the light.

I mention this to show that while my grandfather's infatuation with Mussolini was extreme, he was not alone. Italy's fascist prime minister was one of the country's great tourist attractions in the Roaring Twenties, for Mussolini was a charismatic showman—after all, he liked to pose, à la Massachusetts Senator Scott Brown, without his shirt. No matter that his political philosophy was hollow at the core, as Frances Stonor Saunders points out in her superb new book, *The Woman Who Shot Mussolini*, or that between 1922 and 1943 Il Duce sent at least a million people to an early grave. He remained, for a very long time, the darling statesman of the conservative press and the fashionable fascists of Europe, although they conceded that he might be a bit hasty and brutal. Still and all, according to the British ambassador to Italy, Mussolini was "like any other gentleman." The King of England decorated him with the Order of the Bath, and Austen Chamberlain, the British foreign secretary (whose half brother was Neville, future prime minister and champion of the Munich accord), considered Mussolini a sincere, charming patriot, and certainly preferable to any other "Italian." Sure he was a dictator, the foreign secretary admitted, but one simply could not "apply British standards to un-British conditions." As Saunders acidly comments, Chamberlain's remark "contained all the narrowness and smugness of an imperial conceit."

Not so the epigraph in Saunders's new book: "There is such a thing as a moral atmosphere." Those are the words of Violet Gibson, who happens to be the woman who shot Il Duce in 1926, although she only nicked his nose. Indeed, a moral atmosphere pervades Saunders's often poignant tale of the Irishwoman, labeled mad, who possessed both gumption and a pistol, which she tried to use to change the course of history. Yet there is nothing tendentious about *The Woman Who Shot Mussolini*; rather, its wit and modesty, especially on the question of why Gibson did what she did, make the book a beguiling detective story and, as such, a meditation on the limits of biography.

The Woman Who Shot Mussolini
By Frances Stonor Saunders.
Metropolitan. 380 pp. $30.

How much can we know about another person? In the fall of 1924, Violet Gibson arrived in Rome carrying a revolver. She intended, or so it seems, to kill the Pope—even though, born into a prominent Protestant household in 1876, Gibson had converted to Catholicism at 26. But she also deplored what she considered the pontiff's Faustian pact with fascism, for Gibson's

Brenda Wineapple's most recent book is White Heat: The Friendship of Emily Dickinson and Thomas Wentworth Higginson *(Anchor/Vintage). Her anthology* Nineteenth-Century American Writers on Writing *will appear in the fall.*

Italy was the land of Fra Angelico, not of thugs dressed in black. And just the preceding spring Giacomo Matteotti, leader of the United Socialist Party, had been abducted, brutally beaten and then stabbed to death; his body was taken to the outskirts of Rome, sexually assaulted and then tossed into a ditch. The crime outraged Italians and much of the world; yet Mussolini suavely denied having anything to do with the assassination, although it was widely accepted that the murderers had acted on his behalf.

Gibson took lodgings in the convent of Our Lady of Lourdes but spent most of her time visiting the Colosseum and Trastevere, on the west side of the Tiber, to help poor people, as she later told her Mother Superior. Trastevere was also known as a watering hole for Catholic dissidents, and it was later suspected that Gibson might have been trafficking in radical politics. A member of the Anglo-Irish elite who had been presented as a debutante at the court of Queen Victoria, Gibson was the daughter of Lord and Lady Ashbourne. Her father, the conservative lord chancellor of Ireland, had drafted the Land Purchase Act of 1885 so that Irish tenants could acquire land on favorable terms. It wasn't exactly home rule. The lord chancellor's son Willie, Violet's eldest brother, would have none of it. A nationalist, a liberal and a Catholic, just unlike his father, Willie in turn influenced the young Violet in her conversion to a Christian socialism that owed much to George Tyrrell, an Irish Jesuit theologian, and Ernesto Buonaiuti, both of them modernists committed to social reform and compassion above and beyond papal autocracy.

ARCHIVIO CENTRALE DELLO STATO, ROME

Mussolini after Gibson's attempt on his life

Yet a restless Violet Gibson fit the profile of the neurasthenic, that handy catch-all nervous disorder usually associated with unfulfilled women. (Virginia Woolf is a strong presence in Saunders's book, although it's a stretch to compare Woolf's madness with Gibson's.) In her youth, Gibson had briefly flirted with Christian Science, theosophy and the teachings of Rudolf Steiner. Relatively affluent, she shuttled between London and Europe. During World War I she became a pacifist, though whatever political activism she may have undertaken was interrupted by a series of illnesses: Paget's disease, a subsequent mastectomy, appendicitis and peritonitis. Then in 1915 Gibson met John O'Fallon Pope, an American Jesuit at Oxford who preached the need to demonstrate a love of Jesus through action, not words. That seems, in retrospect, to have set her on the royal road to Rome. Still, she was unwell, and after the sudden death of her brother Victor in 1922, Violet suffered what seems to have been her first breakdown. In 1923 she attacked her housekeeper's daughter with a knife, though she insisted she had been acting on behalf of "God and his Church."

Violet Gibson subsequently landed in Rome, where in the convent she tried to shoot herself in the heart. Never a good aim, the bullet lodged in her shoulder bone. "I wanted to die for the glory of God," she confided to a friend, but having failed she needed to find another way to serve him. Saunders speculates that the signing of the Locarno Pact with France, Germany, Britain and Belgium later that year, with its refusal to stand against Italian fascism, may have prompted Gibson to set her sights on Mussolini instead of herself (again) or the Pope. Thus it was on what Saunders calls "a normal Fascist morning," April 7, 1926, that the 50-year-old Violet Gibson, wearing a shiny old black dress, carried a revolver wrapped in a black veil to the Campidoglio, where she shot Benito Mussolini at point-blank range. Gibson said she did it to glorify God. "A strange God, this," dryly comments Saunders, "who tells Violet Gibson to shoot Mussolini and then instructs the bullet not to kill him."

God notwithstanding, did Gibson act alone? If not, who were her accomplices? The Italian police, after her suicide attempt, had confiscated the revolver she had brought from England. How had she contrived to find another? Was she, like Willie, involved in Irish revolutionary politics? How to explain the balance in her bank account, which exceeded the annual income she received from her father's estate? Was she insane or feigning madness in order to avoid punishment? And, as Saunders puts it, can someone "who pretends to be mad claim to be sane?"

The prime investigator of the Gibson case was chief superintendent Epifanio Pennetta, a methodical man without an overt political agenda but one on whom much was lost. Though he could not imagine that Gibson had no help, by assuming she acted lucidly he at least dignified her more than the British Foreign Office, which thought her nuts. Yet Pennetta was unquestionably handicapped by his inability to speak English; he could not communicate with Gibson or read her few papers and her notebook, should he have wanted to understand her state of mind, which apparently did not much concern him.

Fortunately, Gibson's inner life interests Saunders, who nonetheless refuses to reduce it to facile formulations and thus confronts the central biographical paradox so succinctly stated by Emily Dickinson: "Biography first convinces us of the fleeing of the Biographied." The more we pursue the lives of others, the more they slip away, private, mysterious, elusive. As Saunders acknowledges, "We see, but we see across an impassable distance, another human being, passing from one room to another." Plus, in the case of Violet Gibson, even the public record of her life is obscure. Before she cocked her pistol at the Campidoglio on that "normal Fascist morning," she left no trail of canceled checks, newspaper articles, photographs, personal letters, diaries or discarded lovers, all the detritus out of which a life is recomposed. And after the shooting and subsequent investigation, she

receded into history, a mere footnote, if that, in the annals of Italian fascism, where she is typically dismissed as a demented Irish spinster.

Unruffled by the scant historical documentation, Saunders places unknowingness at the center of her book, and it's a wise unknowingness comfortable with seeing through a glass darkly. "By any definition," she notes,

> Violet must be considered mad, at least some of the time, but this does not mean that the whole of her life should be rewritten to fit this conclusion. She was attached to the idea of sacrifice and martyrdom, but this cannot be solely ascribed to religious mania. In the political world around her (to which she paid deep attention), this notion acquired elevated status in the passion narratives of Giacomo Matteotti, the priests George Tyrrell and Ernesto Buonaiuti, the Irish republicans who took part and died in the 1916 Easter Rising.

In the summer of 1926, more certain of diagnosis than Saunders, the Italian psychiatrists questioning her reached their verdict: chronic paranoia. This helped the British Foreign Office strike a deal; Gibson would be certified insane so she could avoid a full trial. (The defense: no one in her right mind would want to kill Mussolini.) Her passport impounded, she would be delivered to the British authorities and, without her consent, confined in a madhouse for the rest of her life.

Motive might be elusive, but not so the effects of one's action. Among the unintended consequences of Gibson's assassination attempt was the consolidation of Mussolini's power. Two other failed attempts to kill Il Duce followed in quick succession, and though Mussolini again emerged unscathed (only Gibson's bullet touched him), the sequence of near misses frightened him enough to establish a police state, "not on account of myself, because I truly love to live in danger," he professed, "but on account of the Italian people, who work and produce and have a right not to be disturbed by such recurrent happenings." He set about systematically destroying all opposition parties. In November 1926 his new Emergency Law for the Defense of the State shuttered newspapers and banished dissidents—15,000 were deported to internment colonies in the next seventeen years—and his Special

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Tribunal for the Defense of the State, a military court, reinstituted capital punishment for political crimes.

For Gibson, the consequences were a life deprived of mobility, comradeship and even the comforts of the convent to which she ardently aspired. Saunders presents a cultural history of madness and incarceration among the literati—Zelda Fitzgerald, Lucia Joyce, Vaslav Nijinsky—by stripping madness of its romantic patina and chronicling briefly but with pith the almost three decades Violet Gibson passed at St. Andrew's Hospital for Mental Diseases in Northampton, that Victorian institution of rectitude described by Saunders as a "grandly appointed warehouse for the useless, the intolerable, and the troublesome."

One of the strengths of *The Woman Who Shot Mussolini* is the way Saunders, also the author of *The Cultural Cold War: The CIA and the World of Arts and Letters* (2000), does not mince words. Whether identifying the lacunas in Gibson's life or skewering Mussolini and the governments that enabled him, Saunders writes with a clarity of purpose, an eloquence and a satiric edge that refreshes and astonishes. When describing Clara Petacci, the little girl infatuated with Mussolini who offers her life to him and at 20 becomes his lover, for instance, Saunders explains that in 1943 Petacci does indeed give up her life:

> slammed up against a wall and shot. Her corpse is transported alongside her lover's to the Esso gas station at Piazzale Loreto in Milan, where both cadavers are posed for the cameras—his head resting on her breast—before being strung up by the heels. Clara Petacci, the little Fascist, hanging like a prosciutto.

Only an author with a clear moral center can write like this without sounding glib, and Saunders, whose compassion for Gibson pervades every page, is unambiguous as to where she stands.

At St. Andrew's, Violet Gibson fed the birds, attempted suicide, wrote letters that the staff never mailed. She petitioned for discharge and campaigned to pass her last days in a convent nursing home. None of her wishes were granted, not even the stipulation that she be buried in the Catholic part of the St. Andrew's cemetery. "The Honorable Violet Gibson," Saunders concludes, "deserved better." And so Gibson disappears, the forgotten of history who tried to change it, the enigma mercifully unsolved—and the one who, here, receives her human due. ■

ANTHONY DEVLIN/AP

Preparing for the G-20 Summit in London's CCTV operations room, March 31, 2009

Privacy Degree Zero

by PAUL DUGUID

Understanding Privacy
by Daniel J. Solove.
Harvard. 257 pp. Paper $19.95.

We all know that reading medical books can make the world appear awash in disease. Is the same true of books on privacy? Was it because Daniel Solove's *Understanding Privacy* was sitting on my desk during the winter that the news seemed awash with stories about challenges to privacy? No sooner were the private "Climategate" e-mails splashed across front pages than the *Guardian* published a secret climate agreement among the rich nations. Facebook, not for the first time, embarrassed itself by changing its privacy settings—perhaps better called publicity settings—with minimal notification to its members. If that weren't enough, we learned that Yahoo was selling details of subscribers' accounts and Sprint was releasing location data of its cellphone users. (For the latter, the police only had to ask for the data, and they did so some 8 million times.) Showing evenhandedness in whom they investigate, a police department in Southern California sought permission to read private text messages on the pagers of its officers. Meanwhile, the Department of Homeland Security was once again caught gathering and circulating information on innocuous citizens.

My paranoia did not ease during a trip to England, where closed-circuit television cameras pretty much eliminate the enjoyment of privacy in public space. Signs forbidding hooded sweatshirts were not, I discovered, a fashion statement but a means to ensure a clean headshot for the camera. Then there's the London Congestion Charge. Admirably, it has reduced traffic and pollution and promoted public transport. It has also blanketed the city with cameras. These monitor travel aboveground, while the convenient Oyster travel card tracks Tube and rail travelers underground. You can barely move in London without being recorded. "Locational privacy" has all but disappeared, as my hosts learned when they received a £12 ($20) fine for straying into a bus lane. The summons arrived with evidence—photographs of the car moving in the forbidden zone shot from one of London Transport's ubiquitous cameras.

Privacy International rates Britain among the "endemic surveillance societies," while a candid report from the House of Lords in 2009 concluded that "successive UK governments have gradually constructed one of the most extensive and technologically advanced surveillance systems." Surveillance in England grew dramatically following the Irish Republican Army's attempt to assassinate Margaret Thatcher in Brighton twenty-five years ago and the related IRA "mainland" campaign. Before we get too complacent, Privacy International gave the same dismal rating to the United States. If there is a difference, it may be that in Britain, no one can doubt that they are under surveillance. Here, such thoughts can still be dismissed as paranoia.

Paul Duguid teaches at the School of Information at the University of California, Berkeley, and is a professorial research fellow at Queen Mary, University of London.

Should we care? In 1999 Scott McNealy, co-founder of Sun Microsystems, famously declared, "You have zero privacy.... Get over it!" During my paranoid winter, Google CEO Eric Schmidt offered a creepier argument in a CNBC interview: "If you have something you don't want anyone to know, maybe you shouldn't be doing it in the first place." These reprimands are self-serving: Sun Microsystems and Google have an interest in persuading us to accept their intrusiveness and portraying resistance as, if not futile, then a matter of our wrongs, not of our rights. And whatever these private companies say about personal privacy, they are vigilant about guarding the corporate variety. I doubt Schmidt would believe that protecting Google's search and ranking strategies from prying eyes is a sign of Google doing something it "shouldn't be doing in the first place." Most of us probably would believe, however, that Yahoo shouldn't be selling its users' private information in the first place. But when this came to light, Yahoo effortlessly deflected complaints by denouncing the violation of its trade secrets.

If there's comfort in any of this, it may be that eleven years after McNealy's comment, a statement like Schmidt's can still shock. Privacy is something we haven't gotten over. For that reason, there's comfort too in David Solove's thoughtful examination of the concept of privacy: what it is, why it seems forever under threat and why we continue to fight for it. Solove's approach is primarily a legal one. It is not, though, legalistic. He is determined to avoid the trap of trying to define privacy. This only leads, he argues, to "disarray." He makes his point by surveying some of the standard accounts of the principle, starting with the claim of Samuel Warren and Louis Brandeis in the *Harvard Law Review* in 1890 that privacy is the "right to be let alone." This definition, he argues, "fails to provide much guidance about what privacy entails." More generally, he shows not that definitions are necessarily bad but that they don't facilitate negotiation between privacy and other rights. Our intuitive understanding of the Fourth, Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, after all, tends to clash with our sense of the First. The right to conceal confronts the right to know and to reveal, and vice versa.

In response to top-down definitions, Solove offers what he calls a bottom-up approach: he traces the different things that we call privacy, searching for family resemblances and trying to understand "the origin of the desire for privacy in particular situations." In short, his is a pragmatic, contextual approach that tries to understand privacy in practice rather than in theory—even if that practice is primarily legal practice. His approach allows him to consider how our ideas of privacy—and the laws addressing it—change over time. Some of these changes are evident in the ways privacy is discussed. Ideas of "invasion," "breach" and even "trespass" seem oddly antiquated, locating privacy in a particular place, usually the home (which is then compared to a castle). The shift to a more personal idea of privacy is conveyed by words such as "violation" and "assault." As the philosopher Luciano Floridi argues, violations of privacy now seem closer to kidnapping than trespassing. Yet even the personal has been pushed to the background in the digital age: terms like "theft," "appropriation" and "leak" identify information, almost impersonally, as an object that is itself at risk of being violated.

Such shifts often stem from changes in technology that disrupt our expectations of privacy. In 1838 Samuel Morse sent a letter to Congress listing the virtues of his electronic telegraph. It offered, Morse claimed, the "fullest and most precise information" and a "record...in a permanent manner." Furthermore, he added, perhaps as an afterthought, that its "communications are secret." Henry James explored a glitch in Morse's claim in his story "In the Cage." A man and a woman arrange their affair by telegraph, passing their intimate arrangements to the "girl" in the telegraph cage, almost as if she "had no more feeling than a letter-box." When a crisis occurs, because she has "tracked and stored" their "secrets and love-affairs," the girl is able to assure the couple, paradoxically, that their assignations have not been detected.

Warren and Brandeis wrote about the right to privacy, Solove reminds us, in the context of the new, intrusive technology of snapshot photography, which enabled newspapers to make and publish photos of people without their consent. Much as Warren, Brandeis and James were marking changes in our assumptions about the privacy of communication, so are McNealy and Schmidt. Like Morse, they see no tension. Unlike him, they promise no secrecy. They aren't even offering a compromise between ease and secrecy. Rather, they suggest that everyone's privacy is compromised. Get over it.

Haven't the "digital natives" done just that? Whenever an adult is flustered by new technology, it has become commonplace to

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say, "The kids are hip to this stuff." That excuses a lot of poor technology. But it also makes it hard to argue that young people are unaware of what they are doing when they post indiscreet photographs on Flickr or confuse genuine friendship with social networking. Instead, we are told they have gotten beyond privacy. The occasions of my teenage angst are distant, but they are not much less painful for that. So it is hard to believe that today's teenagers have magically shed their sense of mortification simply by acquiring an iPhone and a Facebook account. If we learn anything in becoming adults, it may be to consider the night before what the consequences will feel like the morning after. The teenage years remain a time when it is often hard to weigh consequences in advance but also the time when, in retrospect, consequences are felt most deeply. If only because of the way they fence off Facebook pages from their parents, young adults, it seems, are keenly aware of privacy and surveillance, and resent the unexpected exposure that Facebook's capricious changes can subject them to.

Solove shows that privacy is very hard to understand and hard to engage on our own.

Why do they care, and why should we? As we experiment with our identities—something particularly important for teenagers—privacy offers the promise of an escape clause. It allows us to avoid being stigmatized through life for failed experiments, poor choices and poor life chances. The nineteenth-century European novel offered immigration to America as the ultimate escape clause and second chance. Similarly, privacy is a passport that allows for emigration from the dead weight of our past. More significant, as Solove notes in one of the most important passages in the book, such experimentation has not just individual but social consequences, as people resist society's pressures to conform. He quotes an insightful judgment from the Supreme Court of India ruling that "individuals need a place of sanctuary where they can be free from social control…can drop the mask, desist for a while from projecting to the world the image…that may reflect the values of their peers rather than the realities of their natures." As the House of Lords report on surveillance explained, "Privacy and the principle of restraint in the use of surveillance and data" are "central to individual freedom."

This is not simply an individual matter. Pushing against stifling social norms is a way of reinventing society, a process that can begin only outside a society's persistent gaze. (Transforming figures in the nineteenth-century novel often begin by moving from the claustrophobia of the village to the useful anonymity of the city.) Of course, not all resistance to norms is good; the same privacy that provides space for beneficial social experiments provides cover for criminal ones. But in dealing with the latter, it should be up to the law to justify the intrusions of surveillance rather than up to us to surrender our privacy. Given the praise lavished on the inventiveness and boundary-breaking of companies like Sun Microsystems and Google, it is notable how conservative their chairmen's views of society are. They reserve the space and secrecy necessary for reinvention for their private businesses alone.

Solove's legal view of these complex issues is insightful, but it raises questions of jurisdiction. Though Solove aspires to an international perspective, *Understanding Privacy* is rooted in the United States and reflects its distinctive view of privacy. James, again, noted an American characteristic when, returning after twenty-one years abroad, he commented on the absence of *penetralia*—places to hide away. Today, visitors are still struck by our open-plan houses, unfenced garden lawns that flow from one house to the next and "open-door" office policies. Certainly, these can be signs of admirable openness. But they are also signs of a society that is suspicious of people who seek privacy. This suspicion is perhaps a vestige of a Puritan assumption that what went on behind closed doors were primarily matters of sin and shame, deserving public scrutiny and stigma.

There are other distinctive features of the American attitude toward privacy. Here the general view tends to be deeply suspicious of government and much more sanguine about private corporations. (The Roberts Supreme Court epitomizes this view.) In the healthcare debate, much more has been made about the government possibly prying into our health records in the future than about private insurers doing so in the present. Europeans, by contrast, tend to be far more suspicious of corporations and more deferential to government—deference that, as I have suggested, is particularly disturbing in the case of British surveillance. The effects of 9/11 have lessened the difference. US citizens have been persuaded to accept, in the name of pursuing the "bad guys," surveillance of us all.

The contrasts suggest to me that, while we should continue to resist the intrusiveness of government in the American way, we would be wise to import a little more suspicion of corporations from the other side of the Atlantic. One reason is that companies are not only collecting information about us but also processing it in ways that lead to "decisional interference." Search engines make money by matching our desire to buy with someone else's interest in selling. They are coming to know so much about us, however, that they are increasingly in the position to shape our desires in the interests of their paying customers.

Not long ago, Schmidt wrote cheerfully in the *Wall Street Journal* about the new digital devices on which we are all expected to be reading soon. "The compact device in my hand delivers me the world, one news story at a time," he wrote. "Even better," he went on, "the device knows who I am, what I like, and what I have already read." It may well know. The question is, Who else is it telling?

That question raises concerns not only about what and how Google is selling us but also the cozy relationship between government and private corporations, for corporations increasingly gather private information that the government wants. Sometimes they are directly complicit. AT&T provided a handy room at the heart of its network for the National Security Agency to monitor huge portions of Internet and telephone communications. Yahoo and Sprint have found ready buyers in government agencies for the data they accrue. Google has promised not to surrender its knowledge of what we read without a subpoena. But, as the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF) has pointed out, a subpoena is a very low barrier to entry, because court rules may permit a lawyer to issue a subpoena without approval from a judge.

If we follow McNealy and Schmidt, our only choice seems to be between behaving ourselves—and behaving ourselves better. Because she sees "the balance between secrecy and disclosure [as] an individual preference," Esther Dyson, a former chair of the EFF, suggests that people be given "the tools

to control the use and spread of their data." But this protection reduces privacy to a matter of individual preference and personal virtue. If nothing else, Solove shows that privacy is very hard to understand and hard to engage on our own. We readily surrender information about ourselves to search engines and retailers because we get an immediate and tangible return—better searches, Facebook exposure, a sought-after purchase, a frequent-buyer card. The consequences of that surrender—as snippets of information are aggregated with stuff we didn't know the retailers and search engines had on us, and passed along to people we didn't know were interested in us—are far less tangible and no less difficult to understand. While we have to retain the concept of privacy and not "get over it," and must also, as Solove's approach reminds us, demand that the courts protect us from those who would take our privacy, we should complement these efforts with some more institutional arrangements of the sort enjoyed by Europeans, as a result of their different perspective on privacy. These include the European Data Protection Directive—which gives us the right to inspect and correct information gathered by corporations and insists that those corporations keep what they know of us secure—and the European Court of Human Rights. Then there are the national agencies such as the Commission Nationale de l'Informatique et des Libertés in France and the Information Commissioner's Office in Britain.

Undoubtedly these institutions have their faults. Given the erosion of privacy in Britain, the Information Commissioner's Office seems regrettably toothless. The right response, though, is not to succumb to the bumper-sticker claims of McNealy and Schmidt or the individualist-libertarian assumptions of other digerati but to reinforce such agencies and rely on them to help us understand and protect privacy in all its complexities. As with corporate competition, where European rules have tamed some US giants (Microsoft and Intel among them); as with environmental regulation, where California can raise standards across the country; and as with war crimes, where national judges can put the fear of traveling into powerful politicians who are immune in their own countries, so with privacy. That is, when we can't stop organizations from appropriating our private information and moving it around the world, it will help to have some distinctly aggressive local jurisdictions here and abroad hold those moving the data accountable to the strongest, and not the weakest, link of our defenses. ■

Living for the City

by SAMUEL ZIPP

Cities, Jane Jacobs famously observed, offer "a problem in handling organized complexity." In her first and still most famous book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, published in 1961, Jacobs argued that cities are not chaotic or irrational; they are essentially systems of interrelated variables collected in an organic whole. The challenge, she wrote, was to sense the patterns at work in the vast array of variables. Something similar could be said for writing about cities. How does one coax the thread of a narrative from the scrum and fray of urban life?

In *Twenty Minutes in Manhattan*, Michael Sorkin, an architect and critic, makes like Jacobs and immerses himself in the rhythms and patter of the street. He has shaped his book according to the contours of his daily stroll across a dozen or so blocks of Lower Manhattan, from the top floor of his five-story Greenwich Village walk-up to his office in TriBeCa. Walking, Sorkin writes, is "a natural armature for thinking sequentially," providing opportunities for heady musings on all manner of city life. Yet his peripatetic narrative is anything but linear. Proving there's a raconteur in every *flâneur*, Sorkin unspools strands of free-floating observations about a scattered array of urban issues and gathers them into a loose weave along his path downtown. Any full accounting of his rambles would be impossible, but he manages to ruminate on landlord-tenant troubles, the 1811 Manhattan grid, historic preservation, the "ratio of tread to riser" on apartment stairs, elevator etiquette, zoning and housing codes, rent control, the theory of montage, green roofs, public art, crime, gentrification, traffic, urban renewal and public-private partnerships. He also takes diversions into the city thinking of Walter Benjamin, Michel de Certeau, Ebenezer Howard, Jacob Riis, Le Corbusier, Henri Lefebvre, the Walt Disney Company, the Situationists, the New Urbanists and, of course, Jane Jacobs. It's a primer on what one might call the "New York school" of urbanism.

Sorkin is a congenial, sometimes irascible guide. Ever the Manhattanite, he lambastes oblivious SUV drivers, callous landlords and "Disneyfied" urban environments (an undying spark for his ire), but he is also aware of his own foibles, including his tendency to lapse into "high ethical mode." Sorkin's musings—outrages and enthusiasms alike—converge around his sensitivity to the restless yet productive tension between the city's role as both public sphere and commercial marketplace, and the intermingled chances city life offers for making meaning and making money. For Sorkin, the city's hum and buzz is the sound of an endless "dialogue of desire and demand" and the pitched voices of "poets" and "bandits" jostling for each and every advantage.

The foremost poet in this dialogue is Jacobs. Her attention to the intricate weave of interaction—the "organized complexity"—that binds the social lives of streets and neighborhoods undergirds much of Sorkin's book. Jacobs, Sorkin observes, "approached the city as a medium of exchange rather than a static artifact." It was "commerce, in every sense

AP

Jane Jacobs, 1962

Twenty Minutes in Manhattan
By Michael Sorkin.
Reaktion. 215 pp. $27.

Wrestling With Moses
How Jane Jacobs Took on New York's Master Builder and Transformed the American City.
By Anthony Flint.
Random House. 231 pp. $27.

Samuel Zipp, a professor of American civilization and urban studies at Brown University, is the author of Manhattan Projects: The Rise and Fall of Urban Renewal in Cold War New York, *forthcoming from Oxford.*

of that word," that she found at the heart of a healthy city. Sorkin prizes the social possibilities of this notion of exchange—the "intensified reciprocity" that has made cities such fertile ground for free association and expression. He finds this reciprocity at the heart of all the urban virtues he and Jacobs cherish: "mutuality, self-government, neighborliness, diversity, intimacy, convenience, contentment, and safety."

For Jacobs, however, commerce of the social and economic varieties is mutually sustaining. But is commerce always good for community? Certainly Sorkin does not think so. He is one of many New Yorkers distressed by the collateral damage of prosperity in Lower Manhattan, where the opportunity for so much private profit has eroded public propinquity. A good example is SoHo and its transformation since the 1970s. The neighborhood, just south of Greenwich Village, was a manufacturing and warehouse district until the late 1950s, when artists began illegally to occupy the loft spaces of its cast-iron fronted buildings. By the late '60s, after Jacobs had helped neighborhood allies save the area from an urban expressway, SoHo's cultural cachet triggered a "golden goose effect." Artists and galleries were priced out of lofts to make way for condos. "Cheap restaurants were supplanted by pricey ones," Sorkin writes. "Shoe stores and boutiques proliferated. The streets were jammed on the weekends with people who, with no thought of art, had come simply to shop and brunch and to look at each other shopping and brunching." Working artists are so despised in SoHo, Sorkin observes, that local merchants have launched a campaign to ban the "street artists" who have long sold their wares from informal sidewalk tables. The neighborhood's commercial vitality has infringed on its public character, and the drive to eradicate "the juxtaposition of no-rent vendors and high-rent shops" is the latest act in the decades-long transformation of SoHo into a theater of "high-end lifestyles" in which "residents become cast members and the rituals of everyday life become spectacle or food for consumption."

But how to distinguish between virtuous and insidious commerce? One person's "intensified reciprocity" might be another's narrowly scripted "high-end lifestyle." Sorkin remembers one walk through SoHo when he narrowly avoided being hit by two converging Maclaren baby carriages "being pushed by a pair of yuppie moms who were gabbing on their cells." Despite grumbling about "French bulldogs and nanny-propelled prams," Sorkin admits that "dogs and babies are signs of the life of the city." Some of the "urban qualities" gentrification produces—"lively street life, profuse commerce, preservation and upgrading of old buildings"—are "the substrate of urbanity." The key to meaningful distinctions, as Jacobs often pointed out, lies close to the ground, at the level of scale. Bandits arrive in the form of what she called "cataclysmic money," those great cascades of capital poured into a neighborhood by urban renewal schemes or, more recently, by the sort of corporate-backed gentrification efforts that have replaced much of Greenwich Village's local commercial ecology with chain stores that aim to exploit local vitality and abscond with the profits.

Flint's dogged devotion to a hoary David and Goliath story makes for myopic history.

Writing from the West Village of the late 1950s and early '60s, Jacobs hoped that hard-pressed neighborhoods like hers would be afforded a slow process of "unslumming" sustained by precise doses of "gradual money." That, she believed, would protect the economic and social diversity she prized in her mixed-use and mixed-income neighborhood. But many have charged over the years that "unslumming" has looked a lot like gentrification. That's because the upscaling of Greenwich Village—and many other formerly disheveled, troubled neighborhoods—hasn't been primarily dependent on "cataclysmic money"; the cycle of renovation, refurbishment and rejuvenation has been sustained by a slow-drip accumulation of wealth. More and more middle-class people, attracted by the very virtues Jacobs celebrated, have quite gradually transformed the Village into a neighborhood where private sources of "cataclysmic money" feel comfortable alighting.

Jacobs, however, was not blind to gentrification. She recommended public supplies of "gradual money" to help local businesses and homeowners invest in the neighborhood and offset what she called "the self-destruction of diversity." Most important, as both Sorkin and Anthony Flint remind us, she acted quite dramatically to protect the intricate weave of public and private neighborhood functions. In *Wrestling With Moses* Flint, a Boston journalist, fleshes out the story of Jacobs's public activism, offering the fullest account yet of a mythic Gotham tale favored by urbanists and Jacobites the world over: how a feisty freelance journalist, armed with the observations about urban life recorded in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, recruited neighbors and local politicians to save Greenwich Village and SoHo from a bandit named Robert Moses and the bulldozers of the City of New York.

She was born Jane Butzner in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1916, and came to New York City in 1934 with a high school diploma, some secretarial skills and a surplus of ambition. Like so many seekers before and since, she soon found the Village and settled there. Over the next decade Jacobs launched a freelance writing career. The assignments she took on for *Vogue* and other magazines and newspapers—profiles of the flower market, the garment industry, the diamond trade—introduced her to the various niche economies she would later define as the heart of city life. During the war and just after it she worked for the State Department, penning articles about American life for overseas distribution. In 1944 she met a young architect, Robert Jacobs. They married and in 1947 bought a fixer-upper—an old storefront building with an upstairs two-story apartment—at 555 Hudson Street in the West Village. Aided by her husband and several assignments for the State Department, Jacobs began to nurture an interest in architecture and city planning. By 1952 she had landed an editorial position with *Architectural Forum*, where she found herself in the belly of the beast: the magazine was the country's leading advocate of the austere towers and open plazas that epitomized the midcentury Modernist style in architecture and planning.

Up until this point, Jacobs had few convictions about city planning. This began to change when she visited Philadelphia, where she found head planner Edmund Bacon more concerned with maintaining order and "view corridors" than with sustaining neighborhood life. Not long after, she met William Kirk, the head worker at Union Settlement Association in East Harlem. He and his colleagues had begun to question the impact of the public housing going up in the neighborhood they served. The new tower complexes were uprooting old neighborhoods, scattering community

life, deepening racial segregation and spoiling a lively streetscape. Flint notes that Jacobs was influenced by Kirk but overlooks how she joined forces with Kirk and his colleagues, which helped them to develop and express a new vision for urban planning, one that would not only inform Jacobs's thinking as she refined her views but also propel the gathering revolt against urban renewal and Modernist planning. East Harlem is proof of the much larger current of dissent into which Jacobs was stepping. Flint, however, focuses on Jacobs rather than the larger movement.

Back at *Architectural Forum*, Jacobs became something of a black sheep. She began to question openly the blind faith so many of her colleagues placed in Modernist planning principles. In 1958 she won a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation that allowed her to take a leave of absence to begin work on a book. Here, Flint's story narrows to its point: the familiar Jacobs-Moses cage match. The feisty and outspoken Jacobs, set on a "collision course" with Moses, publishes *Death and Life* and then proceeds to defeat the "master builder" in a decade-long contest for the soul of New York City. Having changed how everyone thinks about cities, Jacobs then pulls up stakes and moves to Canada, fed up with urban renewal and the threat the Vietnam War and the draft posed for her teenage sons.

At the heart of this story are the three efforts Jacobs joined or led in the years between 1958 and 1968. The first was a protest against Moses's campaign—the latest of several attempts over the years—to run a road through Washington Square Park. Jacobs signed up to stop the roadway, helping a local committee to foil Moses's plans for good. Then, in early 1961, just after she finished writing *Death and Life*, she discovered that the city was planning to launch an urban renewal plan for her neighborhood. She played a key role in founding and leading the Committee to Save the West Village, the organization that convinced Mayor Robert Wagner that he'd be better off abandoning the project. Finally, there was perhaps the best known and hardest fought of Jacobs's campaigns, the effort to stop one of Moses's most fervent dreams: the Lower Manhattan Expressway. Lomex, as everyone called it, was to be an eight-lane elevated highway that would cross the island in an east-west direction over Broome Street, cutting through an industrial neighborhood just south of the Village. The bout lasted six years, winding its way through several different postponements and a few variations on the original plan to a now legendary climax: a 1968 public meeting in which Jacobs exhorted her allies to destroy the record of the hearing, thereby voiding the meeting. "Listen to this! There is no record!" she reportedly shouted into the microphone. "There is no hearing! We're through with this phony, fink hearing!" Not long after that, the highway project was abandoned and Jacobs's reputation sealed.

However gratifying Flint's ringside account of jabs, counterpunches and head butts, his dogged devotion to the hoary David and Goliath story makes for myopic history. Most important, his account of the resistance to Moses's brand of urban modernism is especially slight. The truth is that a loose movement to unseat Moses had been gathering since the 1940s. Across New York and other cities, a host of protesters—dissident liberal city officials and urban planners, opportunistic Congressmen, left-wing tenant organizations, crusading lawyers, East Harlem social workers, and local residents and business owners—had begun to coalesce around slum clearance sites and urban expressway routes. These groups were often focused on individual neighborhoods, split by varying degrees of opposition or commitment to the ideals behind slum clearance and urban renewal, or divided along left and liberal lines by cold war–era suspicions. By the mid-'50s, however, some of these groups had begun to create citywide networks and to advance not only defenses of imperiled neighborhoods but subtle evaluations and informed revisions of Modernist planning orthodoxy. By the late '50s Jacobs was wading into a cresting flood tide.

A few of these folks surface in Flint's story, but only fleetingly, as in the case of Jacobs's East Harlem allies, or as isolated failures or eccentrics awaiting the triumphant arrival of Jacobs. Their most important achievement is overlooked entirely. In 1959, a few avenues east of Jacobs and her Village allies, a group of tenant organizers defending the Cooper Square neighborhood launched a successful effort to turn back Moses's bulldozers. The organizers made common cause with social workers like the future historian Staughton Lynd, and recruited a planner named Walter Thabit, who produced an alternative plan for the area. Thabit's scheme, which scaled back on demolition, proposed a gradual program of phased relocation and offered rehabilitation and new housing at various income levels, was unevenly implemented in the years to come. Nevertheless, the Cooper Square struggle jump-started the formation of the Metropolitan Council on Housing, the organization that did the most to advance the

A = A

Mine to ask a mask to say, A is not A.

No one, ever the contrarian, to answer.

The moon is both divided & multiplied
by water: as chance, as the plural of chant.

O diver, to be sea-surrounded by a thought bled white—
a blankness as likely as blackness.

What is the word for getting words & forgetting?

Might night right sight?

I, too late to relate
I & I, trap light in sound
& sing no thing that breath can bring.

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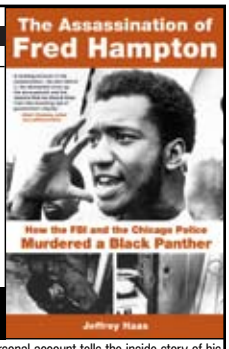

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New York wing of the "advocacy planning" movement and other 1960s efforts to give residents a say on urban development. It's undeniable that Jacobs and her book had an immense effect on this gathering movement. But Flint oversimplifies the rich history of how she came to enjoy that position of influence in the first place.

His account of the politics of urban renewal is similarly hampered. Flint takes pains to reveal Moses as "the man behind the curtain" pulling the strings for every machination Jacobs confronted. There's no doubt, of course, that Moses masterminded the Washington Square roadway project and Lomex, but it's a significant misreading of history to argue that he ran urban renewal in the Village. By the early '60s, faced with a citywide upheaval against displacement and Modernist planning, Moses had willingly retired from housing and slum clearance, opting to focus on highways and a job running the 1964 World's Fair. The two men Mayor Wagner appointed to run a reorganized urban renewal bureaucracy, James Felt and J. Clarence Davies, were critics of Moses. Once allies of the master builder, they had been disturbed by the unrest slum clearance had stirred up. In the late '50s, years before Moses retired, they had persuaded Wagner to let them run an alternative urban renewal project on the Upper West Side, one that would consult with the community, do less bulldozer clearance and more rehabilitation.

Flint repeatedly portrays Felt and Davies as little more than Moses lackeys. He even goes so far as to suggest—with no evidence—that it was "entirely plausible" that Moses "steered his successors right to Hudson Street" in order to get revenge on the Village. The truth is, that section of the West Village had long been seen as "blighted" by everyone involved with urban renewal in the city. Felt and Davies honestly wanted to reform urban renewal; they hoped their plans for the West Side and the Village would save it from Moses's excesses. Felt and Davies were by no means allies of the resistance, but their revisions of business as usual were, in effect, testaments to the resistance's effectiveness. And yet, despite their well-meaning aims, resistance to urban renewal had far outdistanced Felt and Davies. Ironically, they found themselves simultaneously belittled by Moses and pilloried by Jacobs and her allies, who believed, probably correctly, that the two officials were simply gilding the spoiled lily of urban renewal. Felt and Davies never got to present their fully realized plans for the Village. Jacobs and the Villagers convinced the mayor and the public that no matter how the officials tinkered with the urban renewal formula, it would destroy their neighborhood.

This episode might lead one to suspect Flint's portrait of the master builder himself. It is something of a cut-and-paste affair, owing much to Robert Caro's biography *The Power Broker*, published in 1974. Flint, like Caro, portrays Moses as "an independent actor, beholden to no one, and largely insulated from opposition, dissent, and outside influence," who cared little for city life. Caro's account, while a great read and largely persuasive, has been the object of much revision over the years. Historians have shown that Moses depended heavily on a whole swath of urban liberals, from politicians to union officials, with whom he cultivated a form of symbiosis. Also, Moses was not the heedless city destroyer we have come to imagine. He supported building housing for as many people as possible, and he was something of an urban conservationist with all the parks and beaches he developed. Indeed, he had a vision of city commerce, just as Jacobs did, but one focused on the circulation of goods and services on a regional scale rather than a local or neighborhood one. Flint's interpretation of the struggles between Moses and Jacobs takes none of this into account—which makes it all the more odd that at the very end of his book, he seems to change his mind. Moses, Flint writes, was "a product of his time" and "appreciated the mix of uses that Jacobs advocated." Indeed, "his methods…have overshadowed the legacy of effective city building." This is somewhat deflating, both for the reader, who has just been led through an epic showdown between good and evil, and ultimately for Flint's story. It's a final cue that the Moses-Jacobs cage match can't stand in for a full history of these events.

Flint's shopworn tale will satisfy readers looking to revisit some of the details of a battle royal they've long cherished; but by more or less ignoring the world outside the ring, the book supplies little of the revelation that Jacobs's writings still hold. It's Sorkin, spinning a rich urban world from his short walk downtown, who instead most vividly reminds us that Jacobs is still our contemporary, asking us to see that our city stories must refuse some of the easy lessons of received lore if we are to learn to live wisely with both city "desires" and "demands." ■

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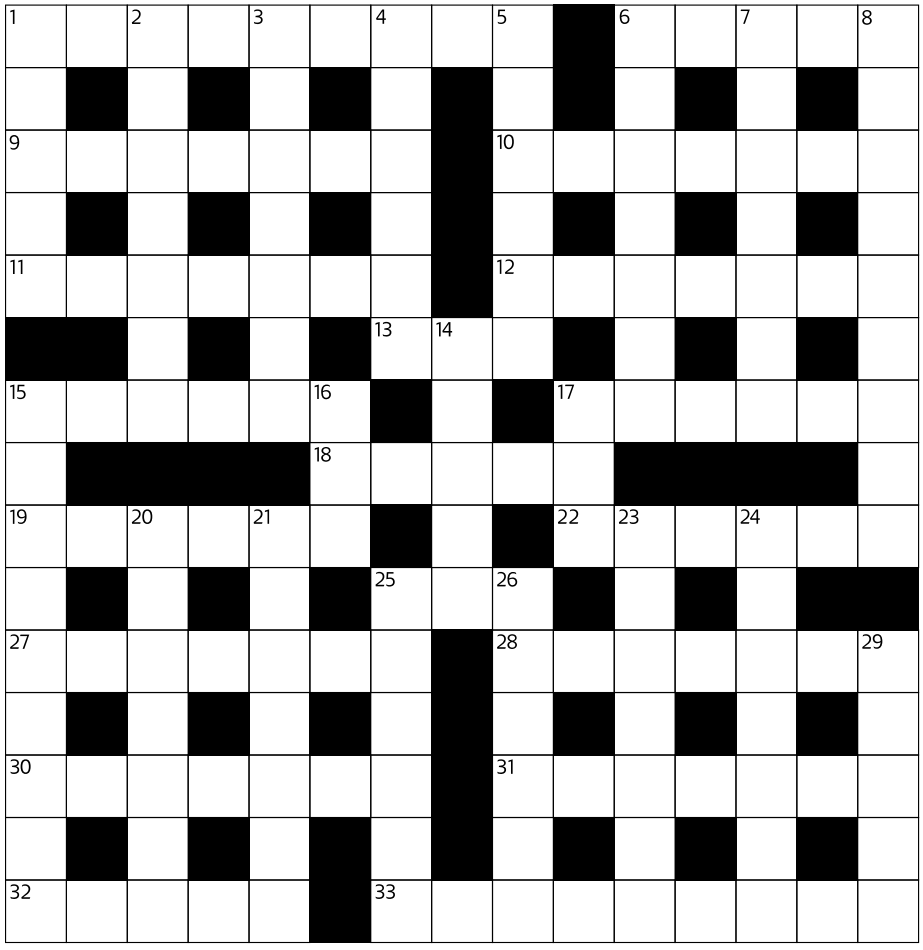

ACROSS

1 Shuttles, perhaps, if not in the pit. (9)

6 Make a little quick profit from the trophy. (5)

9 The strife of the madding crowd. (7)

10 From this one might make dye, but I don't guarantee an instance of it. (7)

11 Ham and yeggs might be. (7)

12 Look at what a rattler might do! It edges the lid! (7)

13 See 1 down

15 The things a host might do! (You're reasonably high-handed if you have them.) (6)

17 Strain the ictus, for example. (6)

18 It might be pleasant to hear in one country, but our occupation troops might have heard it as a gentle hint! (6)

19 Decently doubled in *Guys and Dolls*. (6)

22 Customs seem rather prudent in you and me! (6)

25 See 17 down

27 Help returns in proportion of spread. (7)

28 All of the bird and most of the insect become ambitious to rival. (7)

30 Was Samson like some windows? (7)

31 Check poetry in Old English? (7)

32 One might find the upper regions of space there! (5)

33 Only a cad goes to the bar for port! (9)

DOWN

1 And **13** across Such activities certainly don't suggest the prodigal type! (6,2)

2 See 15 down

3 Proving a dessert might stick to the last! (7)

4 Sometimes professed by an Indian, to a degree. (6)

5 Does the grass-covered retreat become saturated? (6)

6 Liable to be the principal theme. (7)

7 Hail and thunder are the usual thing! (7)

8 Cosy ships, but implying a certain amount of unsoundness. (9)

14 The sort of following Mary had. (5)

15 and **2** What Brutus received from Antony? (9,7)

16 State of us a year ago? (3)

17 and **25** across Turned, perhaps, to coin and color. (6)

20 Like a motherless 33? (Or just food fit for him ?) (7)

21 Hero associated with this and the middle of a gaze askance. (7)

23 It might be good fun (but not good strategy) to do it to your partner. (7)

24 Skipped a few details with this going over. (7)

25 Did Bacon imply a heavy one should be a full man? (6)

26 Put something together in time for Christmas and Halloween (6)

29 Do engineers have to keep ahead of it, without regards for space? (5)

This puzzle originally appeared in the April 18, 1959, issue.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 308

		C	A	R	R	Y	N	A	T	I	O	N		
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S	T	O	C	K	I	N	G		A	N	D	R	E	W
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C	A	R	E	E	N	S		A	S	T	R	I	D	E
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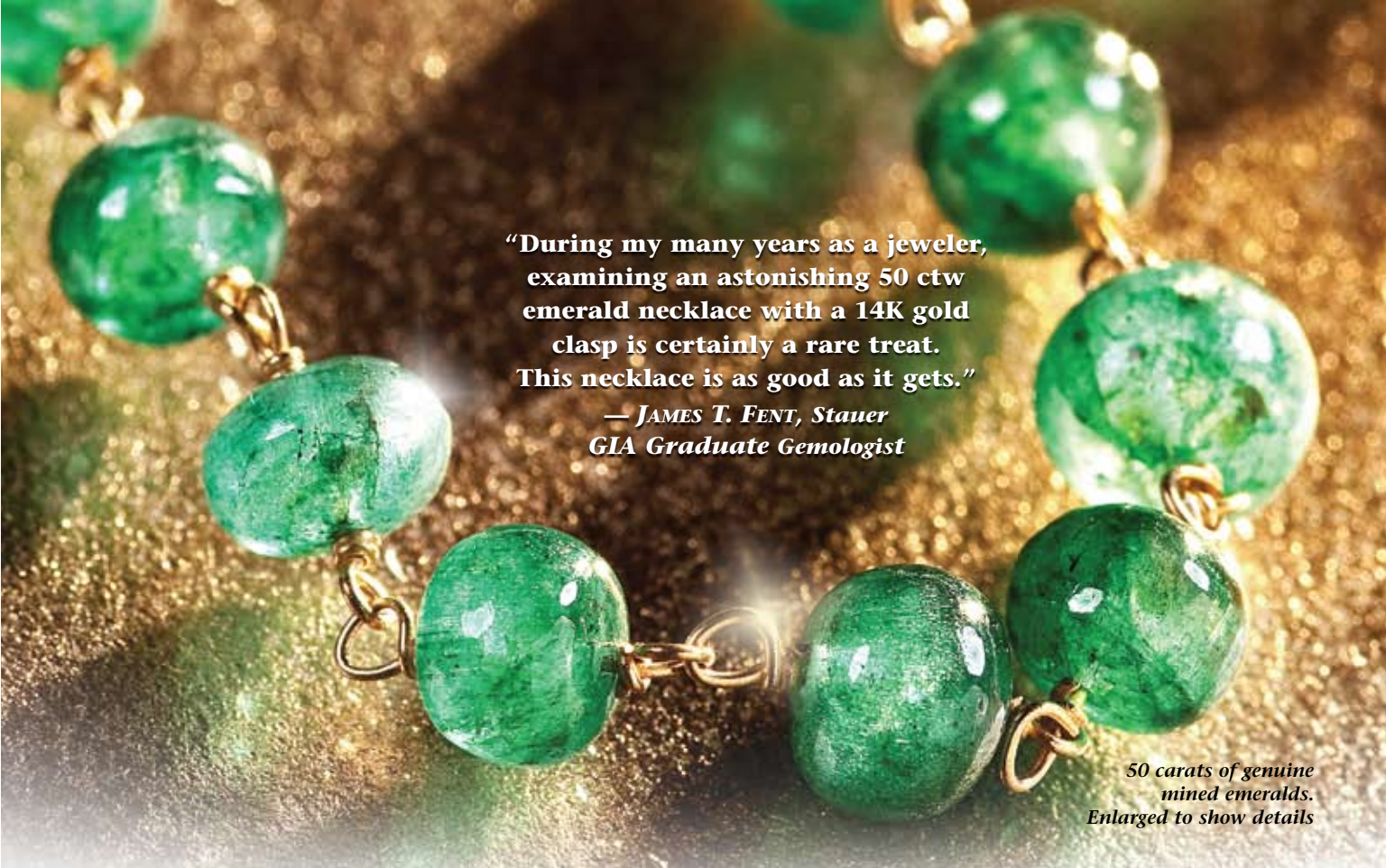
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